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ADOLF HITLER has little reason to congratulate himself on the results of the special plebiscite indorsing his assumption of absolute power in the Reich. While on the surface the vote of nine to one in support of Hitler would appear to be a complete vindication of his extraordinary actions during the past two months, the fact that more than four and a quarter million voters were courageous enough to risk certain retaliation by registering their opposition is, under the circumstances, sufficient to give pause even to a dictator. This is particularly true in view of the character of the campaign. No opposition candidates were permitted: the issue as it was presented to the German people was Hitler or chaos. Every trick of publicity, every form of pressure were unscrupulously exploited in an effort to secure an overwhelming victory. The master stroke of the campaign—suspiciously comparable in timeliness to the Reichstag-fire incident in 1933—was the "discovery," four days before the election, of Hindenburg's will, which by good fortune contained a paragraph in praise of the unifying effect of the Nazi movement. Whether Hindenburg himself wrote this section or whether it was the product of the skilful hand of Goebbels is, of course, unknown, but its effect as a political document can

scarcely be questioned. Moreover, since the poll was conducted under Nazi supervision, with the votes counted and reported by Nazi officials, it is impossible even to estimate the extent of real opposition to Hitler's policies. The doubling of the number of "no" votes since last November suggests, however, that it is far greater than anyone would have thought possible six months ago. Already we can see the first effects of Hitler's desperate coup at the end of June.

ONE OF THE FINEST THINGS that Mr. Roosevelt has done since his return to Washington was to appoint Ernest Gruening to the post of director of the new Division of Territories and Island Possessions in the Department of the Interior. This selection is one of those acts of grace by means of which the present Administration so often redeems its political errors and disarms its critics. Liberals and anti-imperialists everywhere will be moved to overlook a dozen Farley appointments in their delighted approval of the choice of so sturdy an opponent of the ruthless policy that has characterized every preceding Administration in its treatment of our smaller neighbors and of the islands under our rule. Ernest Gruening's long fight for justice to the peoples of the Caribbean was waged for many years through the columns of *The Nation*, which he served as an editor at two different periods. It was largely through his investigations and unceasing demand for action that the first steps were taken that led eventually to the withdrawal of American forces from Haiti—a process finally accomplished only one day before Dr. Gruening's appointment was announced. The editors of *The Nation*, therefore, have particular reason to feel both pleasure and pride in their former colleague's new post and to wish him the fullest measure of satisfaction and success.

THE DEPARTURE of the last American marines and naval forces from Haiti ended nineteen years of continuous occupation. While it is too late to make amends for the wanton destruction of the lives of thousands of men and women who were the innocent victims of the juggernaut of American imperialism, the removal of the armed forces of the United States is bound to lessen tension throughout the Caribbean. But lest our satisfaction with this step make us unduly complacent, it should be remembered that Haiti is not wholly free as long as the United States retains control over the customs and finance as a security for loans advanced by the National City Bank. Under the new treaty the Bank of Haiti, which is to be acquired by the Haitian government from the National City Bank, will take charge of the service on the country's debt, and until the balance is paid, representatives of the bond-holders and of the present financial control will constitute a majority of the board of directors. In these days the power to repudiate or scale down burdensome debts is one of the most coveted attributes of national sovereignty. We can, however, find cause for honest satisfaction in the knowledge that this rather oppressive business arrangement is not backed by the threat of physical force, and that Haiti can, presumably, buy its way out to complete independence within a reasonable time.

DRIVEN by the desperation of the rank and file, especially the Southern delegates, the New York convention of the United Textile Workers of America authorized their executive committee to call a general strike of 300,000 cotton-textile workers on or before September 1, and empowered the committee to call out an additional 525,000 workers from the silk, rayon, and worsted mills. If the strike is actually called, which is doubtful, there is every reason to expect that violence will flame higher, especially in northern Alabama, than in San Francisco's general strike, with its red-baiting aftermath. Very little of what happens in the Southern textile region gets into the news dispatches. For example, New York papers recounted the abduction of John Dean, organizer of the present strike involving 23,000 workers in Florence, Huntsville, and other northern Alabama mill villages. But the dispatches have yet to mention that Dean, Gowins, and other organizers now go about their business escorted by bodyguards of from fifty to three hundred workers armed with shotguns and repeating rifles, and that without such guards their lives would not be safe. Working conditions, as attested by delegates to the convention and as described by Alexander Kendrick on another page of this issue, are worse even than the meager provisions of the code require. Practically nowhere is the \$12 minimum wage observed; the stretch-out and speed-up have maintained production at the pre-code level; by a variety of devices, including unprecedented rent charges and the successive hiring and firing of unpaid "apprentice workers," the mill-owners have carried the exploitation of labor under the New Deal as far as if not farther than it was carried in any previous period.

WHEN AFFIDAVITS citing these facts are presented to the State Compliance Board, it happens by a curious coincidence that the workers signing them are shortly without jobs. Attempts have been made, in some cases successfully, to use the relief administration as a strike-breaking agency. The Huntsville Chamber of Commerce has threatened to remove any welfare worker found giving food to the striking mill workers. Lacking either jobs or the fantastically meager dole which Alabama allows its unemployed, these freeborn Americans find their ultimate refuge in the dirty hovels made of packing cases which have grown up on the outskirts of the mill villages. Women and children haunt the garbage dumps. The Southern textile region has yielded thus far what can only be described as a condition of economic and social anarchy. Like the Sabine men, the A. F. of L. leaders have walked into this battle "one step forward, two steps backward." They fear defeat and with some reason. The United Textile Workers have a total strike reserve fund of only a million dollars, whereas the estimated expense of running a strike of 825,000 workers would reach at least a million dollars a week. For many months the McMahon-Gorman leadership has been trying to establish its right to a place in the inner circle of the NRA. One stronghold has been stormed: United Textile representatives have been named to both the cotton-textile and the silk-wool boards. The next point of attack is union representation on the Code Authority. If the union succeeds, the strike will probably not be called; at least not by the international officers of their own volition, although there is no telling how violent the upsurge from below—from the desperate rank and file—may prove to be.

MASS PICKETING BY STRIKERS will hereafter be permitted, wholesale arrests are barred, strike-breakers will receive no special police protection, and police on duty must observe strict neutrality in labor controversies, according to new and admirable instructions to the New York City police which apparently emanated from Mayor La Guardia. They were sent out shortly after the Mayor had investigated charges of police brutality against strikers and decided that they were true. The new policy is probably not unconnected with public criticism of his police commissioner, John F. O'Ryan, who avowedly believes in strong-arm methods in dealing with mass demonstrations. Testimony in the Mayor's investigation lighted up for a moment at least that mysterious occurrence commonly known as a "strike riot" or sometimes as a "pitched battle," in which, strangely enough, only unarmed workers get hurt. One striker testified that when he asked a policeman why some of his fellow-workers had been arrested, he was struck by two policemen and a sergeant and then put under arrest. The sixteen-year-old son of a striker was struck and arrested when he asked a policeman if he might speak to his father, who was among the pickets. The investigation also served to bring out the obviously provocative and partisan custom, which now prevails throughout the country, of escorting strike-breakers under official guard to and from other men's jobs. The New York police, it is said, are worried over the latitude given to strikers under the Mayor's order. It is admittedly difficult for a man with a club to be neutral. But since the police are forbidden to use their clubs they might use their heads. They might reflect, for instance, that they are workers, too.

MOST DEVELOPMENTS during the past year in the field of industrial relations have centered around Section 7-a of the National Recovery Act. Section 7-b has been lost from sight in the heat of this controversy. And yet Section 7-b is of critical importance, for it authorizes the President to encourage the making of collective agreements between employers and trade unions, these agreements when approved to have the force of a code. Until recently Section 7-b had been applied only once—in the Appalachian agreement of September, 1933, between the United Mine Workers of America and the formerly anti-union operators of the region. Now it has been applied for the second time. The NRA has ratified an agreement between various bricklayers' unions in metropolitan New York, on the one hand, and a number of mason builders' and contractors' associations, on the other. The terms of the agreement, specifying a minimum wage of \$1.50 per hour, double rates for overtime, and eight hours of pay for six hours of work on the second and third shifts, now become binding upon all building-trades employers of the region, regardless of individual failure to assent. The agreement, it should be noted, is supplemental to the general construction code, which expressly authorizes the formulation of regional contracts of this kind to cover the various skilled trades. At the moment, sixty such regional agreements are pending before the NRA, and 200 more are said to be in process of formation. A brief analysis of these agreements reveals them to be simplified forms of the ordinary type of trade-union contract. The wage rates which they specify, needless to say, are far above the minima set forth in the usual run of NRA codes. Part of the reason for this, no doubt, is the skilled character of the employment. An equally important factor, however, is that the agreements are the out-

come of genuine collective bargaining by bona fide trade unions. If the government had at the beginning of the NRA taken a firm stand behind Section 7-b, the labor provisions of most of the codes would be less shameful to contemplate.

AS OUT OF PLACE as public remarks can be was the uncalled-for attack upon State liquor-store systems made by Joseph H. Choate, Jr., director of the Federal Alcohol Control Administration, at the recent Governor's Conference at Mackinac Island, Michigan. Mr. Choate took it upon himself to discredit the control, management, and operation methods in successful use in ten or twelve States, and blamed purchase "restrictions" for the continued survival of the bootlegger. It is perhaps merely a coincidence that this attack should come at a time when retail liquor interests are using all their resources to combat the State stores in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan, but Mr. Choate is, for one in his position, not very accurate in his facts or premises. State stores buy their liquor in quantities prohibitive to the retail merchant and as a consequence undersell the retailer and effectively scotch the bootlegger. What Mr. Choate means by "restrictions" is not clear; there are no restrictions in this bulk sale of liquor except, perhaps, that some stores close at 9 p. m. Moreover, State stores provide much-needed revenue to their respective commonwealths, the Michigan system having cleared \$3,000,000 between repeal and June 1, and the Pennsylvania system having proved a bulwark of emergency relief funds. That control of the commercial liquor traffic is a legitimate function of the State cannot be gainsaid. In the old days the powerful liquor lobby would have been blamed for such statements by a high public official. What lies behind Mr. Choate's attitude can only be conjectured.

A STRIKING PARALLEL between economic conditions in the United States and those of the rest of the world is suggested in a report recently published by the Foreign Policy Association. World industrial production has increased approximately 40 per cent above its low level of 1932, business profits have risen to an even larger extent, while unemployment has been appreciably reduced. But the revival has been almost entirely the result of domestic forces within each country. Little progress has been made toward a revival of international trade, without which, the report asserts, "recovery must be confined to narrow limits." Moreover, the improvement in business conditions appears in every case to be at the expense of the working class. Employment is shown nowhere to have kept pace with the gains in industrial activity. Real wages and the standards of living of labor have undergone a further decline in the majority of the leading nations, while agriculture has also suffered a loss in purchasing power. These findings appear to correspond very closely with recent statistics in this country. As indicated elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, industrial profits for the first six months of 1934 were more than double those of a year ago, while employment has increased at the most about 25 per cent, and is now only 10 per cent over last year's level. Pay rolls show up a little better at 20 per cent above 1933, but with the dollar volume of department-store sales in New York and other large cities running at about the same level as a year ago despite greatly increased prices, it is evident that standards of living have undergone a substantial decline.

THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA, our geography used to tell us, is so rich that anything will grow there. It has. The dictatorship of Huey Long, which bloomed in three days complete with storm troops and full control over the courts, under the very eyes of a Democratic legislature, is surely the most amazing growth this country, including California, can boast. Hitler had to burn the Reichstag to get what he wanted. Huey merely filled the legislative halls with armed men. Newspapermen were barred from the sessions; photographers were knocked down. Huey himself strode up and down the aisles gathering in the "Yes's" for twenty-seven bills which make him absolute dictator of Louisiana; through his tool, Governor Allen, he may, among other things, expand the State Bureau of Criminal Identification into a State police force, extend the governor's power of reprieve to comprise all cases, including contempt of court, and provide a penalty for any judge or other official who does not recognize the reprieve, which has the effect of a pardon revocable at will. He may even reduce a white man he does not like to the status of a Negro by taking away his right to vote. Meanwhile other growths are thriving in the rich soil of the Delta. At present 21 per cent of the population of Louisiana is on relief. Poverty is a weed that will bear watching. It may even outgrow and smother Huey.

SEVEN YEARS AGO the State of Massachusetts executed two obscure Italian anarchists. They had been convicted of robbery and murder on evidence so flimsy that for months and years a swelling roar of world protest had beaten vainly upon the deaf ears of a senile judge and a reactionary governor. Their real crime was that they were rebels and labor organizers; they had dared to challenge the exploitation for profit of the workers in the mills and factories of the Bay State. Sacco and Vanzetti endured seven years of judicial torture, during which they grew steadily in moral and spiritual stature. This, in the eyes of the Massachusetts Brahmins and Babbitts who had doomed them in advance, was an even greater crime. As a society Massachusetts has never confessed or expiated the crime against civilization which was committed the night Sacco and Vanzetti went to the electric chair. Indeed, it was only a few months ago that the police of Boston assaulted with the utmost brutality a gathering of students assembled to protest against Boston's welcome to the Karlsruhe, the propaganda ship of Adolf Hitler. Yet there were men and women of Boston and Massachusetts, some of them descended from the old Puritan stock, who were not blind to the truth and beauty that blazed in the acts and words of these proletarian martyrs, and who fought to save them. For them and for thousands of people all over the world, the Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti is an annual sacrament. They will read again that magnificent speech of Vanzetti and feel its truth:

If it had not been for these things, I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scolding men. I might have died, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man as now we do by accident. Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph!

Who Owns the San Francisco Police?

THE NATION presents, on the page following this, photostatic reproductions of sections of two documents which contain circumstantial evidence that the San Francisco Industrial Association, bitter opponent of organized labor, was actively involved in the raids on radical halls which helped to break the general strike and which have continued ever since. The documents in question are in the form of eight typed carbon sheets comprising two reports headed "Strike Violence Memo" and addressed to Boynton, managing director of the Industrial Association. The carbon sheets were picked up from the floor of a crowded San Francisco courtroom. Photostat copies were transmitted to *The Nation* by persons in California known to us and thoroughly trustworthy. The documents have every appearance of authenticity.

Austin Lewis and Chester S. Williams, representing the American Civil Liberties Union in San Francisco, are prepared to produce the documents for the inspection of a properly qualified investigating committee. A check of the 172 names of persons arrested which are given on these eight sheets shows that the lists correspond to police-blotter records with 95 per cent of accuracy. The names of the regular police officers, Lieutenant Malloy and Captain Hoertkorn, and the dates and places of the raids are also accurate. P. Carr, whose typed signature is appended to the document, is not a regular police officer, but is well and unfavorably known by San Francisco labor organizations as an "operative" used by reactionary employers. A thorough investigation by a properly qualified committee is indicated, and *The Nation* strongly urges that such an investigation be made.

In the light of their records we can scarcely expect Mayor Rossi or Governor Merriam to order or conduct an impartial investigation. But the breakdown of government here indicated concerns not merely San Francisco and the State of California but the national government. President Roosevelt would be entirely justified in ordering a federal investigation on the ground that this document, if it proves to be authentic, shows that the Industrial Association actively intervened to break a strike which federal mediators were trying to settle, and that the citizens of California were deprived of their civil rights by the illegal and violent acts of officers of the law.

So far as we know this is the first time that a great and proud American city has permitted its police force to collaborate openly with labor-hating industrialists, bankers, and publishers. How else can this document be interpreted? Does not the sequence of events, falsified and distorted though they were by the San Francisco newspapers, lead directly to this conclusion? There was the radio speech of Governor Merriam, delivered the day before the raids mentioned in this document, in which he denounced "Communists" and "professional agitators," outlined the measures he intended to take, and called on "all good citizens" to aid him. "From the inception of the strike," declared Governor Merriam, "the fact has been evident that . . . destructive and sub-

versive influences have been working against an agreement on any basis whatsoever." This was true. The "subversive influences," in our opinion, were the San Francisco Industrial Association and the Publishers' Council, and their ace card was the ineffable General Johnson, who on July 17, the day of the first raid, told the student body of the University of California that "this subversive element must be wiped out. They must be run out like rats." It was on this day, too, according to the Associated Press, that Charles Wheeler, vice-president of the McCormick Steamship line, in a speech before the Rotary Club, said that the raids would start soon. He intimated government consent had been obtained for the raids."

The San Francisco *Examiner and Chronicle* that same morning carried full-page editorials stating that radicals had seized control by intimidation and that the general strike was a revolution against constituted authority, and urging that trade unionists repudiate the "aliens" and "strangers." And Governor Merriam gave the clue to what was scheduled to happen when he said: "A more active and intensified drive to rid this State and nation of alien radical agitators should be undertaken by the workers themselves if they are to enjoy the confidence of the people." The next day the *Chronicle* was screaming: "Unionists Smash Radical Hangouts in Purg-ing Move," and "Police Nab 300 in Dredging Caldrons of Discontent."

The documents do not mention "unionists." They have to do with Lieutenant Malloy or Captain Hoertkorn, "and posse," and the reports are addressed to the director of the Industrial Association. In the New York *Post* of July 18 William M. Hines, formerly publisher of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, described the Industrial Association as a super-chamber of commerce which "has organized for its anti-labor fight on a five-year plan. Funds have been solicited from members, all of whom are assured that their subscription cards will be discounted immediately by the banks and that pledges need not be paid in full until 1939."

In San Francisco, and indeed throughout California, the raiding of radical centers and the persecution of radical sympathizers continue. The casualty list which appears on another page of this issue is only a partial record of the wanton destruction of life and property, the illegal arrests, the beating and gassing and shooting that have systematically occurred in every area of industrial conflict. It is surely one of the most harrowing records of brutality to be found outside of Hitler's Third Reich.

The tide is bound to turn. The thousands of trade unionists who showed their power in the general strike will not be duped and cowed indefinitely. They will rally and begin to ask: "Who are the real rats of San Francisco?" Meanwhile all citizens who still believe in justice and orderly processes of government should join in a demand that the situation revealed by these documents be investigated promptly. We suggest that Mr. Albert Boynton be called as the first witness.

Two Records of Official Lawlessness

*Photostat reproductions of reports of police raids made to Albert Boynton,
Managing Director of the San Francisco Industrial Association*

STRIKE VIOLENCE MEMO

REPORT # 301

DATE: July 17, 1934

ATTN: Mg. Dir. Boynton_____

File:_____

ARRESTS: In connection with Police raids on Radical Meeting places today.

Arrests by Lieut. Malloy and Posse. Bail set at \$20 in each case.

GEORGE CHAMORRO 32, 17 Stillman St.

VICTOR BOLANOS.....42, 334 Chestnut St.

Facsimile of the top of the first manuscript page. There follow 94 names and addresses.

STRIKE VIOLENCE MEMO

REPORT # 306

DATE: July 18, 1934

ATTN: Mg. Dir. Boynton:_____

File:_____

ARRESTS-- (made at raid at 765 Howard St. by Capt. Hoertkorn and posse
at 2:20 P.M. July 17, 1934.)

MAURICE LOBREE.....44, 340 9th St.

RICHARD ST. CLAIR.....44, 300 7th St.

KENGAR BIRKENES.....40, 239 Minna St.

Facsimile of the beginning of the second report. There follow 78 names and addresses.

FRANK VARGAS.....51, 1161 Folsom

ALLEN CLAREN.....43, 77 Shotwell St.

P. Carr....9:12 A.M.

End of the second report showing typed signature of the detective making the report.

Czarist Debts and Soviet Trade

NEGOTIATIONS with the Soviet Government over the troublesome Czarist and Kerensky debts appear once more to have reached a deadlock. Differences of opinion are said to hinge chiefly around the question of recognition of the legitimacy of the pre-revolutionary debt and the amount of credits which the United States should extend in a *quid pro quo* arrangement. Moscow very frankly challenges the basis of the United States' claims. Before their rise to power the Bolsheviks had opposed the war loans, including the \$187,000,000 obtained from the United States by M. Bakhmeteff, Russian Ambassador at Washington during the Kerensky regime. They also maintain that a substantial share of the amount advanced to Bakhmeteff was never transferred to Russia, and should have been sequestered by the United States following the overthrow of the Provisional Government. According to Bakhmeteff's own records, approximately \$56,000,000 of the original sum remained in his hands in November, 1917, while an additional \$29,000,000 was obtained later through the sale of Russian property in the United States and the charter of Russian ships. And on the basis of these records there can be little doubt that a large proportion of this \$85,000,000 was used, as charged by the Soviet press, in equipping or otherwise assisting the various White armies which invaded Soviet territory in 1920-21. A substantial proportion of the \$441,000,000 claimed by private American interests is of an even more dubious character. During the weeks just prior to Soviet recognition, speculators maintained a heavy over-the-counter market for Czarist bonds at 4 or 5 per cent of their normal value, and these, among others, are now being brought forward for full payment.

The United States is not the only country that has had difficulty in persuading the Soviet Government to assume responsibility for pre-revolutionary debts. At regular intervals France, England, and other nations have pressed similar claims against Moscow without avail. But this country is unique in denying itself the benefits to be obtained from normal trade relations pending the settlement of outstanding issues. This anomalous situation is primarily due to the Johnson Act, prohibiting the extension of credit to countries in default on their war debt to the United States, and the complementary resolution of the Export-Import Bank suspending the advance of government credit pending a settlement of the debts. Despite recognition, Soviet purchases in the United States in the first six months of this year were only about five and a half million dollars, as compared with more than ten times that amount in the corresponding period of 1931.

The real danger of the situation as far as the United States is concerned is that the series of new trade pacts which Moscow is concluding in Europe will lead to a permanent diversion of trade from this country. Within the past year agreements have been reached with Great Britain, France, and Italy which have given those countries the lion's share of Soviet purchases. British sales to Russia have increased several fold in the past year, and are now five times as large as those of the United States. This is not the result of a

voluntary discrimination against American products. On the contrary, Soviet trade organizations have repeatedly indicated their preference for certain types of American goods, providing they could be obtained on reasonable terms. While the time is past when the Soviet Union was compelled because of lack of industrial development to rely on foreign purchases, there is much, both of machinery and consumers' goods, which is needed and would be purchased if normal credit terms could be arranged.

A few years ago the extension of credit to the Soviet Government was a highly speculative undertaking. As late as 1931 observers who prided themselves on their realism freely predicted the repudiation of all Soviet commercial obligations. While small in comparison with the indebtedness of other countries, the external obligations of the Soviet Union were especially burdensome because of their short-term character and the exorbitant rates of interest charged.

Today the credit position of the Soviet Government is practically unassailable. Not only has it paid every cent of its obligations—including the recent repayment in full of the three-million-dollar RFC cotton loan—but it has been able to reduce its outstanding indebtedness with amazing rapidity. Three years ago the total of external obligations was nearly one and a half billion gold rubles. By the opening of the present year this amount had been reduced to 450,000,000 rubles, and at present is believed to be little more than 300,000,000. Among the most important factors contributing to this startling change in Moscow's credit position have been the shift to a favorable balance of trade—amounting to 150,000,000 rubles in 1933—made possible by the completion of the first Five-Year Plan, the marked increase in Soviet gold production, and the tapping of domestic hoards of untold size through the development of the Torgsin stores. The rise in the output of gold has been particularly spectacular. As the result of extensive mechanization and administrative reforms, production of this metal increased over 40 per cent in 1933, reaching a record-breaking total of 100,000,000 rubles. In the first six months of 1934 there has been a further rise of over 50 per cent, making the Soviet Union second only to the Transvaal in the output of gold.

Soviet pronouncements have made it clear, moreover, that the Kremlin is too wary to allow its improved credit position to trap it into an over-expansion of imports, such as Germany experienced between 1924 and 1930. It is recognized that in the long run Russia's purchases can be no greater than its sales, and that credits are a snare and a delusion if no provision is made for their repayment. The lesson is obvious. If the United States is ever to regain the share in the Soviet market which it held three or four years ago, with exports of upward of a hundred million dollars annually, it must make provision for the entry of a much larger volume of Russian goods into this country. It also must make possible adequate credits of sufficient length to make it worth while for the various Soviet economic organizations to shift their long-term buying program. To do so would be not only good business but sound economics, beneficial to both countries alike.

Social Insurance: Act I

A MOMENTOUS precedent was set when Judge James M. Proctor denied the petition of 150 railroads for an order to prevent the Railroad Retirement Board from putting into effect the recently enacted Railway Pensions law. The act against which the carriers brought suit requires the payment of annuities to all employees who reach the age of sixty-five or complete thirty years of service in the industry. The largest possible annuity—on \$300 monthly pay for thirty years' service—would come to \$120 a month. The current average salary of something less than \$1,700 a year would produce a maximum annuity of about \$70 a month. To provide the pensions, reserves are accumulated to which each employee is required to contribute 2 per cent of his pay and each employer 4 per cent of his total pay roll. The funds are deposited with the United States Treasury, and the plan is administered by a Railroad Retirement Board.

Retirement pensions as such are no novelty for the railroads. The first pension scheme ever established by an American employer was that of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1884. At the last count, retirement plans were in force on 90 per cent of the country's railroad mileage. Typically these plans provide for retirement at seventy years on pensions which yield substantially smaller sums than the annuities required by the new law. Thus the carriers' objections have a pecuniary basis; the law threatens their pocket-books. But there are still more cogent reasons—partly legal, partly psychic—which explain the carriers' resistance. Under existing plans the pension is bestowed as a gratuity, out of the employer's loving kindness, and as a reward for good and faithful service. Contractual obligation being absent, the worker cannot demand the payment of the pension as a matter of legal right. The employer pays the piper and he calls the tune, a fact which, naturally enough, inhibits the individual worker, as he acquires the discretion of years, from speaking out of turn.

The new law rejects the concept of benevolent paternalism. It postulates the obligation of the industry as a whole to safeguard the retirement of aged workers. The worker possesses statutory property rights in the retirement reserve. Thanks to actuarial computations and funding operations, annuity payments are assured regardless of the whims of business cycles and the progress of technological change.

The significance of the carriers' suit—which ought to reach the Supreme Court this winter—far transcends the welfare of the million wage-earners entitled to the law's benefits. The carriers were right in their facts—even if their social premises were faulty—when they complained that the law was "experimentation" at their expense. Unfortunately, this is true: the Railway Pensions law is the one and only gesture of the New Deal Congress toward assured security for wage-earners. In the theory of social insurance old-age pensions are a mere beginning. In American practice old-age pensions—restricted so far to railroad workers—are the sum total of accomplishment. But the President has promised that a change will be wrought. Even now the Committee on Economic and Social Security is laying the foundations for a national social-insurance program. No matter how modest the actual proposals may prove to be,

they will be resisted at every turn by employer groups. If pressure politics fail, the employers will swarm into the courts crying "confiscation of property" and "irreparable injury," as the carriers are in fact pleading in their suit. Thus the Supreme Court decision will provide a fundamental precedent in determining the Administration's entire program of welfare legislation in the United States.

Mary Austin

MARY AUSTIN was only sixty-five years old when she died in Santa Fé on August 13. Into these years she packed a quantity and quality of achievement that entitle her to be ranked not merely as one of the significant writers of her generation but as one of the few great women that America has produced.

In her autobiography, "Earth Horizon," and elsewhere in her writings Mrs. Austin revealed herself with exceptional fulness and honesty. The sickly, unwanted child of a Civil War captain turned farmer and a feminist mother, she suffered bitterly from the deprivation of normal family affection; wanting love, she sought, instead, justice for herself and others. The history of her formative years and of her marriage was almost unmitigated tragedy; from it there emerged, however, one of the most formidable personalities of our time. To many who did not know this history Mrs. Austin's personality and her austere rule as a kind of uncrowned empress of her adopted region sometimes seemed harsh and eccentric. But she had achieved almost incredible conquests of the will and the spirit, and inevitably she bore the scars of battle.

These scars were evident in her work as in her life. But so authentic was her genius that they marred but slightly such permanent additions to our literature as "The Land of Little Rain" and the best of her poetry and plays. She spent sixteen years in the California desert, working like an Indian woman, studying Indian lore and the nature and properties of the desert. The fruits of this study appear also in "Lands of the Sun," with its amazingly rich content of precise botanical knowledge and observation and its intuitive integration of man with his natural environment.

A passionate woman with a balked maternal instinct, Mrs. Austin made herself successively a distinguished naturalist and anthropologist, a disciplined and prolific writer, and in the end a mystic. In this last role as in her others Mrs. Austin is entitled to respect. When she turned inward it was never in retreat, but always in the spirit of discovery and conquest. One might doubt the reality of some of her discoveries, but never the integrity of the mind that reported them. It was a good mind, powerful, not sentimental and not ungenerous.

She cared deeply and selflessly about art, as about life and about people. "Woman Alone," she called herself in an unsigned autobiographical contribution to a symposium in *The Nation* some years ago, and in a sense this loneliness was real and tragic. But she filled her life with honest work; she gave love and had it in return from the Indians for whom she fought all her days. Few lives can show a comparable record of uncompromising struggle and victory over obstacles.

Issues and Men

Ernest Gruening's Appointment

NOT in all the years that I have been writing for the press can I recall an appointment which has given me more satisfaction than that of Dr. Ernest Gruening as head of the new Division of Territories and Island Possessions, which was created on July 28 by an executive order as a part of the Department of the Interior. In this position Dr. Gruening will have supervision over Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands, and it is to be hoped in the future over Guam and the other outposts now controlled by the War or Navy Department. It seems really too good to be true that this important position has been given to one who is ideally fitted for it—and in saying this I do not think I am biased by my years of editorial association with him on *The Nation*, and our personal friendship. In the first place, he is an excellent linguist, speaking French, German, and Spanish. Next, his whole career would seem to have led right up to this post, since he has been specializing in the Latin American relations of the United States ever since he first joined the staff of *The Nation* in 1920. It was his study of the Haitian situation which made possible *The Nation's* revelations of the horrifying conditions in that island during our occupation, when, according to the Commandant of the United States Marine Corps, our marines killed more than 3,000 people, in many cases, General Barnett admitted, without any justification. No one else brought to the study of the Caribbean situation such persistence and fidelity, such determination to bring about a reversal of American policy toward Central and South America, as Ernest Gruening. Sometimes he was accused of riding his hobby too vigorously. Never has a man been more justified, and few reformers in any field have lived to see such a complete accomplishment of their aims as have he and his associates on *The Nation*. The day before Ernest Gruening was sworn in, the marines finally left Haiti.

And now it has come to him to supervise the future of three of our own possessions. What he accomplishes there will have the profoundest effect upon our relations with the other American republics. Few people realize how closely our conduct toward our own possessions, as well as toward Mexico, Cuba, Nicaragua, and Haiti, is followed and reported in the Spanish American and Portuguese American press. Alaska is a new field for him, but the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, and to a lesser extent Hawaii have long engaged his thoughts and studies—I must not forget to refer to his book on Mexico, "Mexico and Its Heritage," which alone would have sufficed to make his name known throughout Latin America. But after all the point is that in this case the office has sought the man, and has been extraordinarily fortunate in finding one who could not be better equipped for the position, and in addition has, thank heaven, exactly the opposite point of view with respect to our attitude toward our insular possessions and our Southern neighbors to that which has ruled the State Department these many, many years, under both Democratic and Republican Presidents. So often it seems as if the men who are given the official

opportunity to safeguard the welfare and advance the fortunes of our wards and our proteges were all of them lacking in two things—sympathy and a heart. Ernest Gruening has both and, in addition, understanding and knowledge, good-will and tact. Of course, he will be subject to the deteriorating effects of public office. No doubt there will be plenty of occasions when efforts will be made to bring political influence to bear on him. If he does not stand up straight, I shall never expect it of anyone. Twice to my knowledge he has resigned the managing editorship of important daily newspapers because his high sense of honor made it impossible for him to work on in those shops.

When I think of all the abuse he and I and others were subjected to when we protested against the initial wrongdoing in Haiti, in which Franklin Roosevelt played such an unhappy part, and against the outrages and murders committed in Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, Haiti, and Mexico, it seems really beyond belief that one of us has received such public recognition. Beyond that, I must take this opportunity to express again the gratitude that all Americans ought to feel toward Mr. Roosevelt and some of his Cabinet for the fine type of men they are bringing to Washington. It is hard to listen to the stupid Republican and business men's abuse of the Brain Trust, so-called. If all their criticism of its membership were true I should still be profoundly grateful for an Administration which, instead of appointing only political hacks, or pets of politicians, or young men of great wealth to positions in the government, has picked so many fine men of high ideals who ask nothing but the opportunity to serve the country. I could instance many; one of the best I am barred from praising because of kinship. The best thing about the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt was that he brought a similar type of young men into the public service. I thoroughly disliked their principles and points of view, but I recognized then as now that it was a fine thing for the country to have in its service college men of high quality, of the type that in England naturally gravitates to the public service.

Of course I am not blind to the many bad appointments made by Mr. Farley and Mr. Roosevelt. They have played the political game far too often, and it is discouraging to read that people who want positions under the New Deal must put in their applications through the Democratic National Committee. Perhaps it is one of my faults that in such matters I am grateful for a third of a loaf, but that I am. And when that third of a loaf includes an appointment as fine as that of Ernest Gruening, I cannot help voicing an enthusiasm which I suppose to many will seem less warranted than it does to me. If Ernest Gruening rises to his opportunities, these doubters will yet come to my point of view.

Samuel Garrison Villard

Alabama Goes on Strike

By ALEXANDER KENDRICK

Birmingham, August 13

BIRMINGHAM, the Magic City," proclaim electric lights at the entrance to the city, but Birmingham's black magic of industry and labor has turned upon it, and the stars that fell on Alabama have died in mid-air.

The Pittsburgh of the South—it loathes the name and prefers to be known as a city of parks—is like a paralyzed giant. The steel mills which sprawl out to the south of it are closed or limp along on greatly curtailed schedules. Only one blast furnace lights up the night, where there were formerly a dozen. Of the city's 800 industrial plants not more than half can be working. The coal and iron shafts which form a natural circular boundary for this rich mining area stand deserted.

Jobless men walk the streets of Birmingham and fill the parks in greater numbers than in any other city of the South, speaking comparatively. Many of them have come from the cotton and the corn fields, where there is no work for them. The federal home for transients is filled to overflowing. In other words, Birmingham is like any industrial city of the North except that there is an unwonted grim tenseness in the air—and there are strikes to heighten the grimness. The Republic Steel workers are out, following the company's defiance of union rights of recognition. The textile workers are out, most of them locked out after 5,000 had struck in Huntsville, and their patience is exhausted by such strike-breaking tactics as the kidnapping of their leader, and by the extreme unwillingness with which State Federation of Labor officials lent their support. Many smaller manufacturing plants—stove works and foundries—are also in the throes of strike fever. Birmingham is facing a major crisis.

In Alabama, one newspaperman declared, the three topics of greatest interest and news value were formerly politics, religion, and "literature," the latter including the important question of whether residents of the State were Alabamians or Alabamans. Now the list reads labor, the TVA (Tennessee Valley Authority), and bootleg beer. There can be no doubt that the South has ceased taking labor for granted, despite the stand-pat attitude of the steel and textile barons. Relief activities are at a low ebb, and it is apparent that if the many strikes are not adjusted, and quickly, trouble lies ahead. Added to labor troubles are the problems presented by the steady growth in prestige and power of the TVA, with the consequent waning of the influence of utility-controlled legislators and officials. There are also the important questions of wage differentials and the "Pittsburgh plus" scheme of basing steel prices.

The textile strike is not a general strike, as had been planned.* About 23,000 workers are out in twenty-eight mills—two in Birmingham, six in Huntsville, three in Florence, and the others at Anniston, Gadsden, Jasper, Piedmont, Guntersville, Albertville, Ordo, and Winfield. All these

mill towns are in the area from Birmingham northward. In central and southern Alabama, where the textile industry is nearly 100 per cent unorganized, the mills are still operating, in most cases at a wage scale below the \$12 minimum set in the textile code. This minimum was one of the demands made by the union. The \$12 figure, because of the fight for a wage differential put up by Southern mill-owners, is \$1 below the Northern minimum, but it is a rare worker in an Alabama mill who earns \$12 a week. With the stretch-out system in universal use, the best he can do is about \$9.50. Conversion of the \$12 minimum into an actuality, abolition of the stretch-out and restoration of the jobs which it eliminated, reinstatement of workers discharged for union activity, recognition of the United Textile Workers of America, and establishment of a thirty-hour week were the demands of the union.

The strike went into effect on July 16 in a haze of uncertainty. The backing of the State Federation of Labor was doubtful, and although it was finally officially granted, the situation was not aided by the declaration of W. O. Hare, its secretary, that "the American Federation of Labor was and is against the general textile strike." Hare, speaking at Anniston, urged workers to "stay on your jobs unless conditions are extremely bad." Conditions were evidently bad, for the next day these same workers joined the strike.

Nor is the position of Thomas W. McMahon, head of the U. T. W. A., who attempted to stave off the strike, finding much favor among the rank and file of the workers. At labor headquarters in Birmingham, McMahon's advice to workers in other States not to join the walkout until the national convention of the union had passed on it was not received with very loyal support. "He killed the other strike," one worker remarked; "we're not going to let him kill this one." He was referring to the strike threat made by the U. T. W. in June, which was withdrawn following an "amicable settlement."

Picketing at the struck mills was orderly and well-disciplined, despite the provocative tactics of police and special deputies, until the blow-off came with the kidnapping of John Dean, organizer of the strike. Dean was in his room in a Huntsville hotel (Huntsville, the largest mill center of the State, is about 140 miles north of Birmingham), with other members of the strike committee, on Sunday evening, August 5, when four men appeared at the door and asked to speak privately with him. The labor leader stepped into the hall, was seized by the men, dragged downstairs, and driven to Fayetteville, Tennessee, thirty-two miles away, where he was registered by his captors at a hotel. He made his way back to strike headquarters safely the next day. One of the four abductors was recognized by those in the room as James Connor, former State commander of the American Legion. "I've known him fifteen years and couldn't be mistaken," one worker at Birmingham headquarters said. A John Doe warrant was issued in connection with the kidnapping but never served, and there the case apparently rests. The Department of Justice, informed of the abduction, reported that

* On August 16 the United Textile Workers of America, in convention in New York, authorized their executive committee to call a general strike in the cotton-textile industry for September 1; on August 17 they empowered the committee to extend the strike to the silk, rayon, and woolen industries.—
EDITORS THE NATION.

since this was a case of ordinary kidnapping and not kidnapping for ransom, it could do nothing about it!

Fearing that the abduction might precipitate hasty action on the part of the strikers, the mill-owners patrolled the streets of Huntsville with armed guards, and for several days weapons of all types bristled in the mill villages. By that time spurious petitions, supposedly signed by the strikers and asking that the mills be reopened, had made their appearance, and with this sign that the mills were not averse to arbitration mediation began. Behind the scenes, however, there is a general feeling of expectancy, as the day for the national U. T. W. convention in New York draws near. Workers are hopeful that the union may take a definite stand against the general violations of the textile code's provisions all through the South.

At Haleyville, meanwhile, in the western end of the State, when a truckload of union workers and organizers from Huntsville arrived to seek support from workers of the Alabama Mills Company, they were met by a force of armed guards, who halted them with pointed weapons at the railroad tracks and would not let them enter the town. Haleyville mill workers who crossed the tracks to listen to speakers were threatened by the guards and warned against joining the union.

Although the chief activity of the strike is removed from Birmingham, all its repercussions are felt here first, and the general chaotic situation has brought into being a movement for the recall of the city commissioners and against Governor B. M. Miller—described by a newspaper editor, with a shrug of the shoulders, as “just an Alabama Power Company governor”—for what seems to be supreme indifference to what is going on.

As in other Southern States there is a breakdown of relief in Alabama. Federal aid is the backbone of the relief setup, and it makes possible a weekly relief order of 97 cents to \$3 per family. Private organizations raised \$600,000 in a Birmingham community drive last year—“Labor was assessed practically the whole amount,” a union leader said—but this has long since vanished, and there will probably be no campaign at all this year. Here the advantage of being a city of parks becomes apparent. The parks are well occupied nightly. Another relief evil in vogue here, although not so extensively as in North Carolina, is the practice of arranging credit at company stores for jobless workers instead of providing relief orders, and of demanding chattel mortgages on the debt, thus establishing virtual peonage.

But if the Chamber of Commerce is perturbed by the labor situation and the general let-down of industry, it is no less troubled by the recently renewed agitation over the “Pittsburgh plus” plan. For several decades the steel industry has used the basing-point price system, which fixes the price of steel in any part of the country by taking the Pittsburgh price and adding the freight charges to Pittsburgh from that point. Birmingham was exempt from the freight-charge scale, and the price here was the Pittsburgh price plus an arbitrary \$5 per ton. This despite the fact—or because of it—that through natural advantages, with coal to the south, iron to the north, and limestone in between, Birmingham could produce steel more cheaply than any other place in the country.

The freight-charge system has now been dropped for the country as a whole, and has been replaced by a fixed

differential which is added to the Pittsburgh price. This is \$3 at Birmingham as against only \$1 at Chicago. It might naturally be supposed that the Birmingham steel men, with their lower labor and manufacturing costs, would appreciate this added profit, and no doubt they do, since they are all connected with plants in the Pittsburgh area, but the small manufacturer, the Southern business man, and the consumer are protesting, pointing out that the extra price simply reduces volume and is an unfair discrimination against the South. That they are not consistent was readily admitted by several merchants, “speaking unofficially.” They not only want the benefit of lower prices and greater volume by the abolishment of Pittsburgh plus, but they will fight to the last ditch to keep the wage differential, by which they gain at the other end of the scale by reducing costs. That the Pittsburgh plus plan does deprive the South of trade and industry it would otherwise have there can be small doubt; that it is a potent factor in the general unrest prevalent here is no less certain.

Another factor contributing to the general restiveness is the real threat of the TVA to private interests. In Alabama—as in so many other States—the utilities are firmly entrenched and extremely powerful, particularly the Alabama Power Company. They make no bones about their opposition to this nationalized power project. The coal and iron mine operators also are girding for “a fight for life,” as a broadside by the National Coal Association puts it. There is genuine interest throughout the South in the TVA, and columns upon columns of newspaper material have appeared, but to a large extent the social implications are lost sight of in the prospect of “local benefits.” Newspapers which are opposed to the TVA “in principle” favor it because of what it will mean in the way of increased business and higher living standards.

These are the elements which make the Magic City's legerdemain a trifle unsteady. But labor is awakening, and may prod the lethargic South into consciousness. If it does, that will be a greater feat of necromancy than any that has gone before.

Pari-Mutuel

By VINCENT McHUGH

Comrades, gentlemen or sirs,
I give you death. The stakes are run
Before the dwindling of the sun.
Meet in the paddock, walk, converse
Of points and trials. We take space
To mark the end of time. Now lay
Your bets on roan or black or gray,
Filly or stallion. Win or place,

Each man must wager, each man must
Put up his life and see it break
From the post in a lash of bodies, make
The stretch a maddening slow dust
Of time. You will not question then,
Whatever horse comes home. Your mind
Will open like the lips of the blind.
I give you death, gentlemen.

A New England Trotting Meet

By HAROLD E. STEARNS

Rockingham, New Hampshire, August 11

THIS is the final day of the ten-day trotting meet, which began eleven days ago—and when this appears, the trotters, the crowds, and the whole entourage will have shifted to Goshen, New York, where the famous Hambletonian Stake is the big feature. Eleven days, I carefully said, and a ten-day meet; for New England is still God-fearing enough to frown on Sabbath sports—at least some of them. Professional baseball has won its right to a place in the Sunday sun, but horse-racing is still forbidden. However, New Hampshire, like Rhode Island, has turned sufficiently away from the strict, moral Puritan path to permit open, shameless, and State-controlled gambling on these races—and this through the most convenient medium, the “Tote,” or “mutual” betting, or the *pari-mutuel*, to employ the term that describes it in the country from which it came, France. Furthermore, with prohibition now but historic memory, one can have real beer as well as the ancient county-fair, holiday soda pop.

These things are facts. As to probabilities—well, just as Sunday baseball at last won its fight for a legal and respectable position in the community, so it is not unlikely that Sunday racing will, in a short time, do precisely the same thing. And then, pray, what will distinguish a rural New Hampshire Sabbath from a Continental one except geography? Horse-racing, liquor, legal gambling! The stern and rock-faced founders must be turning restlessly and fuming in their graves—if, possibly, they are not smiling. Because it has always been the transplanted New Englanders—the descendants of the restless, Westward-trekking individualists to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—who have, oddly enough, backed “moral” campaigns of all kinds, from emancipating the slaves to prohibition and anti-tobacco legislation; whereas the stay-at-homes of New England have become more and more tolerant, even “loose as ashes,” to employ a Yankee expression.

Now the Rockingham trotting park—to be used in September for the “runners,” or thoroughbreds, too, for the track has a firm subsoil, is scrupulously looked after, and can serve both trotters and runners almost equally well—this trotting park is situated just over the New Hampshire border, Lawrence to the south being the big town where the owners and trainers foregather (owners and trainers who may be, and often are, the actual drivers as well—something inconceivable with the thoroughbreds, where a jockey must be a freak or a specialist in undernourishment, as Ring Lardner once put it). They foregather, I hasten to explain, when they are not at the track itself, which is only about five miles out of town. Almost everybody has a car of some sort; for those few who haven’t there is a bus line from Lawrence. Also a special race train from Boston pulls in just before two o’clock, every day of the meet, at the track itself; it leaves again a few minutes after the last race has been run. In spite of the competition of the “runners” at Narragansett in Rhode Island (special trains from Boston making this trip, too), where the “regular” meet was in

progress at the same time as the trotting meet at Rockingham, fair-sized crowds came to see the trotters—on the “good” days as many as 15,000. Trotting enthusiasts, whether rich or poor, are loyal to their own sport, and at Rockingham any day I could have introduced you to a dozen people who had not seen a “flat,” or “running” meet, for years and would have evinced very little desire to see one.

Nor did I choose the adjective “rich” lightly—even though by tradition and farmer custom to own a fast trotter is the privilege of a man in modest circumstances—for the Hanover Shoe Farm is famous for its stable, and the W. N. Reynolds stable of Winston-Salem, North Carolina (the same family which makes the cigarettes you would walk a mile to get, as the old advertisements used to say), has had its equine representatives on our trotting tracks for years; Dick Reynolds was the name of one of its colts this season, and a very good colt he proved himself to be, too. It is curious, this linking of certain forms of wealth or of manufacture with the possession of a trotting stable—curious, I say, for on the “regular” track anybody with enough money can have a stable. And I suppose one could have a trotting stable, too, if one had plenty of cash. But it doesn’t in fact work out that way—in France, for instance, champagne growers traditionally keep up trotting stables (the Olry-Roederer stable has a representative in five out of six events at Vincennes very often); in our own country it is shoe manufacturers and tobacco merchants who keep up the big stables. Don’t ask me why, either; I don’t know. It is just another example of what Thorstein Veblen had the habit of calling “use and wont.”

There is another aspect to trotting races about which it is easy to become sentimental (anybody who saw Will Rogers in the movie of “David Harum” will recall readily enough how in the “big” scene the horse was the hero), though I shall try to avoid that. The more easily, I think, by pointing out one or two facts too often forgotten, the principal one being, perhaps, the fact that trotters are “standard bred,” not thoroughbred. (In France they call them, rather graphically, *demi-sangs*.) Now you can make out of this next generalization what you please, but certainly with horses, as I suspect with other animals, the more highly and carefully bred they are—the more aristocratic, so to speak—the more nervous, finicky, high-strung, and temperamental they also are. And they have the traits that go with their temperament: they are subject to disease, demand perfect diet and the purest water and careful exercise if they are not to become ill almost overnight; and they are not very affectionate, as we say of a dog. A thoroughbred is often hard to handle; trainers speak quite naturally of such-and-such a colt having a “mean” or “nasty” temper; and grooms are sometimes actually afraid of certain horses. But a standard-bred trotter has neither the physical conformation nor the high-strung temperament of a thoroughbred. He is certainly more intelligent, and he even shows definite signs of real affection toward his groom, his “handler,” and his driver. Dogs will sometimes get into the stables, and the trotter will let them sleep

or play peacefully—I once saw an ill-visaged little mut curled blissfully around the front left hoof of a trotter, who stood patiently in his stall without moving, so that he would not disturb or accidentally hurt his uninvited, but apparently not unwelcome, guest. The chances are that the ordinary thoroughbred would have “gone after” that mut the instant he became tired of, or bored with, his company. And always near the trotting stables I have seen cats walking in and out of the stalls without the slightest trace of fear of the horses—and had there been any occasion for fear you could bet ten to one that the cats would have been absent, for no cat in the world will run any unnecessary risk about anything.

On the gambling aspect of the meet, about \$75,000 was the “handle” of the “Tote” each day—roughly, a \$15 average for every bettor, of which there were, say, some 5,000, or one-third the number of people at the track. If you ask, “How many bet?” the answer is not easy, for with eight or nine races during the afternoon the same individual may make that number of bets. If a man wins, he is likely to go on betting, hoping to increase his winnings; if he loses, he will try to make up what he lost on his first plunges and at least leave the track even—though, of course, he may leave it “broke” instead. The State takes a small percentage of the total turnover as a tax, but nobody notices this or cares; and for the very good reason that if you win, you don’t mind, and if you lose, your money is gone anyway and it is a matter of indifference to you whether it goes to another individual or to the State. I think the tax is 4 per cent (in France it is 11 per cent); multiply this by nine, the number of races, and it is easy to see that what goes into the betting booths on a single average race is the amount on which the State takes a neat profit of 36 per cent. I don’t know what the older moralists would think of this partnership of the government in what they are pleased to call a “vice,” but certainly at Rockingham everybody accepted it as quite natural and fair and honest. Satisfaction in the way the “Tote” worked was general, and despite the “wise birds,” who solemnly told everybody that the “Tote” would ruin “long”—that is, outsiders’—prices, some winners returned their backers as much as \$34 and \$46 for every \$2 invested. (I had only one of those “long” prices, I am sorry to say; I was always backing horses I thought would be outsiders, but which, after the betting was over, turned out usually to be even-money or odds-on favorites.) Occasionally, too, there were betting “freaks”—I mean, when a horse would pay more to “place” or come in second than to win, simply because everybody was backing him to win and not bothering to put any money on him to do less, that is, either to “place” or to “show.” In “Tote” betting, in a word, prices are determined solely by the money put up—never by logic, or reason, or sentiment.

The human side of the picture, too, would probably horrify any early “founding father”—the whole mood was gay and festival-like. Every afternoon there was a band, which played whenever—and it was most of the time—the horses were not actually racing, and on the big days there were two bands. Women enthusiasts certainly matched the men in numbers as they did in gambling propensities, too. The bar served good lunches and beer, and only once did I see an intoxicated gentleman in the grandstand—outstanding by contrast, so to speak—though in the old prohibition days drinking was often quite heavy. Everybody seemed to have

a good time, whether they won or lost or didn’t bet at all but just watched the races. Before each event there would be a good crowd out at the paddock to see the trotters harnessed up and the riders get into their sulkies—riders who, as I have said, are the antithesis of the run-of-the-mill jockeys on a “regular” track. When a race was finished, the winner would parade before the judges’ stand, and the loud speaker would bellow forth, “Introducing Mr. Harry Brusie and Una Direct, winner of the last race—give the old man a big hand, boys.” If Mr. Brusie won the next race, he and his horse were introduced all over again—and got an even bigger hand. And of course it is part of tradition that you must applaud the winner, even though you lost your proverbial shirt on some other horse.

The men who “follow” these trotting races professionally—the grooms, the riders, the stable boys, and the rest—constitute a welcome and colorful group in our sometimes too drab civilization. They lead a nomadic life: Rockingham this week, Goshen next week, Cleveland next month; then Sturbridge, Massachusetts, and in the winter down at the training and breeding towns in Kentucky or Florida—though sometimes they “stable up North” during the winter. They live close to reality, to animals of flesh and blood that have to be cared for and watched over and trained, to the small town and the small community, to the farmer and the breeder. Modern industrialism passes them by almost completely—and they don’t seem to miss it a bit. They are shrewd and kindly and quick-witted. They eat well; they live in the open air; and their only “occupational” disease is a possible accident in a race, when sulkies brush together and the driver is thrown out or dragged or even stepped on, though horses, even in a panicky mood, try to avoid this, as every steeplechase jockey knows. There are “scandals” and gossip, of course, within this little world, but it is not malicious and it has none of that terrible ingrown venom of the small town—the small town, I mean, from which you cannot escape. Like all men always on the move they are tolerant toward human weaknesses—they are always lending the camp follower a little money, always trying to “help so-and-so out” because he has had a bad break, always “looking the other way” when anybody indiscreetly brings up sexual gossip or tale-bearing. They don’t criticize and they don’t complain. They enjoy life; they like their horses and their racing; and when they become successful they don’t put on any airs, even with the humblest stable lad.

It always makes me feel better and cleaner and a little prouder of my origins when I go up for a few days to the trotting races in New England. I learn all over again that there is nothing the matter with these people—they are sound and decent and intelligent. They will never “let us down,” as the phrase has it, and in any national emergency we can count on them to be on the right side. But industrial New England is a far different story—a different story of immigrant blood and exploitation. At first, up in Lawrence this trip, I was shocked to see all the mills closed down. But I can’t honestly say that I was wholly displeased. I wish the worst features of modern industrialism would die out in New England—forever. I should like to see it a small garden and country section of the nation; the kind of New England I see when I go to the trotting races, the kind of New England I dream of and now, in my middle age, want to go back to and live in.

Was Europe a Success?

III. Some Doubts Arrived At

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE answer to the question posed in the previous article—whether freedom and the unique individual ever existed—like the answer to most others, depends largely upon the way in which it is defined. Certainly freedom, for example, never existed in any absolute sense for any man whatsoever. But it is perfectly obvious that if freedom is unreal as such, *freedoms*, in the sense of liberties to do or refrain from doing certain specific things, are real enough, and it is obvious still further that these specific freedoms are the only ones of any real importance. Few people ever cared very much about freedom of the will in the theological or the metaphysical sense. That—as Schopenhauer said—we can do what we will but cannot will what we will will, never troubled anyone greatly. What we have set a value on is merely a certain field of possible activity within which we may do what we will without hindrance from some power outside ourselves. This field is small enough at best, and undoubtedly we are often compelled to narrow it on one side in order to enlarge it upon another. But one of the characteristics of the European man seems to have been a tendency to stress increasingly the importance of certain parts of this field—on the one hand that part which includes the specific liberty to express opinions, on the other that which includes the liberty to indulge daily and often apparently trivial habits. As a result of this, he is almost equally restive under regulations which forbid him to utter publicly his opinion on important topics and those which tell him what time he shall go to bed or, to take a slightly more important example, under what conditions he can travel or cross the borders of his native land.

Perhaps most collectivists know all this. Sometimes, at least, they are probably disingenuous in beclouding the issue with metaphysical arguments concerning the nature of freedom. What their opponents resist is not the destruction of freedom but the tendency to encroach upon just those specific freedoms to which they have been in the habit of attaching great importance and which, for the reason about to be mentioned, actually are important to the existence of that special creature now under discussion, European man. Ultimately, then, the question is neither a question of the metaphysical reality of freedom nor of the extent to which the freedoms actually exercised are either trivial or illusory. It is, on the contrary, a question of the large part played by the idea of freedom and the sensation of being free in the mental and emotional life of the European man, whom, indeed, we can hardly imagine without them. To give up both the very ideal of and the very aspiration toward these freedoms would inevitably be to evolve a new psychology and to make the experience of living a quite different thing.

It has been suggested by Mr. Gerald Heard in his interesting volume of speculation, "The Ascent of Humanity," that man's development takes place neither in an ever-rising curve nor in a mere circle, but in a kind of spiral which carries him upward while, at the same time, it repeatedly

carries him back through stages similar to those through which he had formerly passed. According to this theory the fact that anthropologists have, during recent years, begun for the first time to understand something of the difference between the communal consciousness of the primitive man and the individual consciousness of the modern is actually a symptom of the fact that modern man himself is about to enter that portion of his spiral which corresponds to the re-development in a higher form of this communal consciousness which is, in primitive man, some sort of substitute for the European's vivid sense of his own individual existence. Many radicals appear to look forward to something of the sort, and it may very well be argued in the abstract that the development is desirable. But neither they nor Mr. Heard can deny that their newly emerging man would be essentially different from the old, and comprehensible to us only in the dim fashion that a primitive man is comprehensible. The beginning of his story would certainly be the end of ours. Thus the attempt to understand the meaning of what has been called freedom soon involves the attempt to understand also the meaning of individuality—of our peculiar sense of the uniqueness and value of the simple separate person.

On purely tactical grounds one might well question the wisdom of those champions of the proletariat who love to disparage the value set upon this sense. It is a notorious fact that society's concern for the lowly developed *pari passu* with the growth of the tendency to regard the individual as having value and possessing certain rights merely by virtue of the fact that he is an individual. It is commonly believed, at least, that slavery became impossible as a social institution because of it, and that the Roman, for example, saw nothing shocking in slavery because he had come to assert the value of the individual only in connection with the members of a class or those who demonstrated some particular virtue, instead, like us, of thinking of it as inhering in the simple condition of being a man. To discard this conception in a collectivized state might seem to remove the only protection against the tendency of that state to oppress great masses of individuals in its own interests, just as former states oppressed them in the interests of a capitalist state. Unless, in other words, some sense of the worth of the individual as such is retained, a soviet republic might often find nothing repulsive in the idea of sending thousands to die upon the battlefield or thousands more to endless toil in mines or factories if, by so doing, it seemed to be benefiting in some way the community as a whole.

Our first consideration is not, however, collectivist tactics but the meaning of the idea of the individual to the integrity of European man, and here again the situation is much the same as it was in regard to the idea of freedom. This man has tended increasingly to have his being in a world of thought and feeling largely conditioned by his belief in the importance and the reality, not only of the individual,

but also of something which exists in endless, fascinating variety, and which he calls "personality." Perhaps, indeed, nothing else is quite so central to the character of his consciousness as his sense of the vivid separateness of the "I" and of the existence outside it of innumerable "you's," each different from him in important respects and each, like him, the center of a separate consciousness and a separate history. This "I" is his ultimate refuge and as such much more important, even, than his freedom, because even when he is deprived of the latter he still rules, or seems to rule, over his own separate consciousness. Stone walls do not a prison make. But if they do not it is only because this "I" has still either its freedom or the illusion of it.

Revolutionists are often exasperated by what seems to them the stubborn gullibility of those whom they would convert. Just as the pauper exhibits a ludicrous but maddening tendency to stand up for the sacred rights of property, so the wage slave who seems, in nearly every moment of his life, bound hand and foot by the economic necessities of his position is ready to kindle to the idea of freedom and, if need be, to go forth to die on the battlefield in defense of "his liberties." Perhaps the reason is that even he senses dimly the psychological importance of certain ideas to the kind of creature he is or would like to be; that even he feels obscurely that to give up hope of realizing them in some measure and of living with them in the fastnesses of his individual consciousness even if nowhere else, would make him cease to be a man as man is conceived of in that European civilization in which he has little more of a place than that which consists in being dimly aware that the civilization exists. In any event, this fear of losing everything by losing the only kind of conscious life he knows anything about most certainly has a good deal to do with the reluctance felt by many privileged intellectuals when invited to join revolutionary movements. Their stake in the complex called European civilization is more precious to them than their stake in any material wealth, and they are unwilling to jeopardize it.

Such an intellectual has, moreover, something else not quite identical with either freedom or individuality which he is loath to lose and which may perhaps best be suggested by saying that the whole intellectual atmosphere of revolutionary movements is saturated with its antithesis. It is, one may add, something upon which he came to set a very high value during his experience with the World War, when he saw it so generally flouted and destroyed. At that time he was told he must willingly sacrifice it—temporarily—in order that democracy might be preserved; now he is told that he must sacrifice it again—temporarily—in order that something better than democracy may be created. But he neither relished sacrificing it before nor, even if he surrendered it then, is he convinced that by so doing he helped accomplish anything worth accomplishing. This something is, of course, the privilege of making free intellectual judgments, of discriminating between the true and the false, the just and the unjust, or the right and the wrong, upon some basis other than a purely partisan one. It is, in other words, the right to the fair-mindedness or detachment which has been properly described as a luxury and which, undoubtedly, does become more and more difficult to maintain as any struggle approaches its climax.

Certain revolutionists, to be sure, appear to deny that it ever existed in any degree. To them all judgments—ex-

cept, perhaps, those made by the collective mind of a triumphant proletariat speaking through the mouth of its dialectically appointed dictator—are the result of rationalized self-interest, and "detachment" is merely self-deception when it is not pure hypocrisy. Such arguments are, however, themselves obvious examples of the kind of principle which is invented to accomplish a purpose, since the arguments merely lead the way to the proclamation: "Whoever is not with us is against us." One may, moreover, answer them very much as one answered the argument against the reality of freedom—one may, that is to say, appeal either to personal experience or to history and, forgetting for the moment purely logical arguments, ask if there is not some kind of reality behind the difference between the intellectual habits of various persons; whether, to take a concrete example, the judgments passed upon Germany and its citizens by various writers during the war did not differ significantly according to the extent to which those who uttered them did or did not possess to a greater or less degree that quality which is conventionally described as fair-mindedness and detachment. Do not, to take other examples, individual radicals and individual conservatives differ among themselves in the degree to which they possess it; is there not some difference between an argument conducted as the present one is, and an oration against the menace of the reds as S. Stanwood Menken used to deliver it? If the differences exist, then they may conveniently be attributed to differences in the degree to which detachment and intellectual honesty are practiced, and there is no occasion to discuss metaphysically the nature of either of these qualities.

Liberalism usually defends the value which it sets upon detachment by assigning it a pragmatic value, by saying that, in the long run, even the partisan best serves his own cause by retaining the capacity to "see the other side." This may possibly be true, and it is not certain that the most intransigently "loyal" of present-day radicals are radicalism's most valuable champions. Yet the fact remains that detachment is, as Bernard Shaw once said, primarily a spectator's virtue and that the battle may sometimes go to those who find in bigotry the strength of ten. In any event, detachment is not being here defended as a tool having pragmatic value but as one of those civilized luxuries the pursuit of and indulgence in which constitute essential elements in that complex which we have been calling Europe. To threaten it, to ask that we abandon, temporarily or permanently, both the struggle to attain it and the very belief in its existence, is obviously to threaten once more something vital to the continued existence of the intellectual life of man as we have known him. Nor are we, for the moment at least, concerned with the contention that detachment, like other intellectual luxuries, is doomed already, and that the only choice we have left is the choice between blind partisanship on one side and blind partisanship on the other. We are concerned only with the fact that to abandon it, by choice or by necessity, would imply the abandonment of a whole complex way of living and thinking. A European man who had lost all belief in the reality of "freedom," in the importance of "personality," and in the possibility of "detachment" would simply have ceased to be a European man at all.

[Owing to exigencies of space, Mr. Krutch's third article has been divided into two parts. The concluding section will be published next week.]

A Strange Strike in Yugoslavia

By LOUIS ADAMIC

MY native Carniola or Slovenia, as I have had occasion to say in another place, is one of the loveliest parts—to me, *the* loveliest part—of Yugoslavia. The tiny, garden-like province is largely agricultural. Only here and there one finds a town with an important industrial enterprise. This almost invariably, like many industrial enterprises elsewhere in Yugoslavia, is directly or indirectly under the domination of foreign—notably French, English, Swiss, and Belgian—finance capital, supported and protected by the terroristic rule of King Alexander's dictatorial government in Belgrade; and such industrial centers, as one visits them, tend to spoil considerably the impression that Carniola is a paradise inhabited by a people, the Slovenians, who by and large are worthy of it.

Economically the richest and socially the most horrible place in Carniola unquestionably is the so-called Terbovlyé coal-mining region, which includes the towns of Terbovlyé, Zagoryé, and Hrastnik. I visited it two years ago when I was in Yugoslavia, and found there conditions beside which the worst conditions in West Virginia and Alabama coal towns stand in favorable comparison. The seven or eight thousand miners and other workers and their families have lived in extreme poverty not merely for years but for decades. Even under the Austrian regime, when the capital invested in the mines was largely controlled from Vienna, the Terbovlyé proletariat was probably among the worst-exploited in the world. This exploitation was especially severe during the war.

Soon after Yugoslavia was created at the conclusion of the war, and the Slovenian people were liberated from the Hapsburgs, the rich Terbovlyé properties came into the hands of native Slovenian and other Yugoslav capitalist-racketeers and French money-imperialists, who, not long after the establishment of King Alexander's dictatorship in 1929, became the dominant element in the enterprise, as they did, along with English and Swiss money-imperialists, in many other industrial enterprises in Yugoslavia. This was brought about by a simple process: blocks of shares in the various companies were distributed among the ruling politicians and generals—I call them protection gangsters—in Belgrade.

The exploitation of workers in Terbovlyé which began under Austria was systematically continued under the new Yugoslav government. And consequently, in 1932, I found there thousands of people who were mere skeletons physically and full of all sorts of agonies mentally and spiritually. Since the beginning of the world-wide depression in 1930 the miners' wages, never high, had been reduced three or four times; I visited families of five and six who lived on less than the equivalent of a dollar a week, and I was told that there were hundreds of others in the same circumstances.

There was, of course, some degeneration of character and personality, and a good deal of disease, especially tuberculosis and various miners' occupational illnesses, and I saw children whose thinness gave the weird impression that they were transparent; but, amazingly, most of the workers, especially the young men, were intensely, fiercely, intelligently

class-conscious, proletarian in the strictest, fullest Marxian sense of the word. Although practically starving, almost every one of them had books and pamphlets in his house. Ten or a dozen workers pooled their resources to subscribe to one of the mildly Marxian magazines allowed to be published in Lublyana, the capital of Carniola. Most of their unions and societies had been outlawed by the Belgrade government, but they maintained underground organizations. Gatherings were largely forbidden, but I heard that workers were meeting secretly in spite of the large detachments of gendarmes stationed in the towns. Their leaders were in prison; some of them had been tortured and killed by the sadists in Belgrade; but under the circumstances the workers needed no leaders. Strikes, which required open leadership, were not allowed; neither were demonstrations. All the miners and their families could do was to keep up their spirit—"and we can do that," one of them said to me, "without listening to speeches, for the resentment against these conditions you see here roars in our souls and in the souls of our women and children, and can never be quieted until we and the workers throughout the world succeed in bringing about a new social system." Now they could only wait and, off and on, secretly chalk up signs on the walls of public buildings: "Long live the Soviet Union!"

This, as I say, was the situation, roughly, in 1932. It was typical of several other industrial centers in Yugoslavia and, I am sure, of many more in Rumania, Bulgaria, Austria, Hungary, Slovakia, and Poland. It continued through 1933 and into 1934. In the last year and a half two more wage cuts were put into effect, although the mines were producing almost regularly and the company was paying dividends; for most of the coal used on Yugoslav railroads comes from Terbovlyé and a good deal of the Terbovlyé coal is also exported to Italy and other countries.

Then, on July 1 of this year, the Terbovlyé Coal Company, whose head offices are in Lublyana, announced another cut. A friend of mine who is a young Slovenian mine worker in Terbovlyé told me of what followed in a letter dated July 10. Here is the story in his words:

The announcement almost stunned us all for a day. We had heard a rumor of a possible further reduction, but some of us thought the company wouldn't dare. Some of the families were actually starving, slowly but surely. There was much whispered, half-panicky talk, especially among the family men. . . . The second day everything was quiet. Those of the men who were employed went into the pits. At the end of their shifts they peacefully returned from the pits. Everything seemed normal.

In the evening, suddenly, word got around: "Tomorrow everybody into the pits, employed and unemployed—everybody! Hunger strike! Don't talk about it! It is better we die of quick than of slow starvation!" Nobody knew where the order originated, but everybody agreed to obey it.

Early on the morning of July 3 hundreds of miners who were not working at all and thousands of them on the regular morning and afternoon shifts went into the pits. The night shift didn't come out. The guards at the shaft entrances didn't

realize what was going on till it was too late and around five thousand men were in the various pits—all on strike—hunger strike! "Don't touch a tool!" was the command, which, again, came none of us knew whence, but which we all obeyed. It was as though the command came from the agonized soul of all of us; we were both those who commanded and those who obeyed. "Don't touch a crumb of bread!"

It was awful and wonderful. We sat around, five, six, seven hundred meters below the surface of the earth: five thousand workers stretched in the endless holes we and our fathers had dug out. Women and children were practically alone above ground. Most of them knew that we were on a hunger strike. Signs had been nailed over the shaft entrance: "We, workers in these mines, decline all food until the latest wage reduction is rescinded. We prefer quick to slow starvation. Our families will not be much worse off without us." Over some of the shaft entrances black flags had been hung. These signs and flags were presently removed by the guards and the gendarmes.

We sat on piles of lumber, on damp rocks, in small groups, some in complete darkness. We talked very little. Most of us were fairly sure the company would rescind the reduction order, but who could tell? It was certain, however, that in case it was not rescinded, most of us, perhaps all of us, were ready and willing to die, and would die. The gendarmes could not forcibly remove us from the pits. There were too many of us. Five thousand. Besides, most of the gendarmes would be afraid to come down. The pits were our domain; we could hide. "If they don't rescind it, the world is going to hear of this." Such were some of the remarks.

In the afternoon some newspaper reporters came down. They obviously were on our side, even those on pro-regime journals. They asked us questions. We answered, "Better to starve to death quickly than slowly." One reporter asked a worker within my hearing, "Do you think this is the only way to fight?" The worker answered, "Fight? Whom can we fight? Where would we get in an open, regular strike if we struck alone? This is 1934. Would other workers strike with us? How could they? Their unions, like ours, have been made ineffectual. How can we agree among ourselves when to strike? Whom should we fight? The superintendents? They're only employees like ourselves. The directors in Lublyana? How can we get near them and what shall we do to them? The gendarmes? They have the guns and are but poor devils like ourselves. The King? How can we get to him? They say he has a bodyguard of 40,000 soldiers. The share-owners? They're scattered all over the world. . . . Fight? We are fighting by quietly sitting here in the pits, not touching a crumb of bread, not touching a tool, ready to die—and maybe we will die just as those men, our comrades, died in Vienna last winter, only not by bullets, unless they send soldiers down here to shoot us—but they probably won't."

Some of the men slept. A few prayed to themselves. There was less and less talk. It was a little cold below. A friend of mine scratched a sign on a board, "Long live the Soviet Union!" On another board he wrote, "Long live Dimitrov!"

On the morning of July 4 the reporters came down again. They were all very sympathetic. They told us that entire Slovenia, entire Yugoslavia, knew about what was going on in Terbovlje and the people were generally sympathetic to us. In Lublyana nobody talked of anything but our hunger strike. The reporters thought the company would rescind the order for the cut. The government would force it, for the big people in Belgrade wanted the hunger strike to end at once. It was too dramatic. It might get into the papers in foreign countries. The government in Belgrade didn't want such publicity in the big world. It might frighten the foreign investors, make them uneasy, for the Belgrade government is supposed to have the social-political situation well in hand.

In the afternoon word came and rapidly spread through the pits that the company had rescinded the reduction order. We won, but most of us, as we came out, were too weak to feel triumphant, to celebrate. In another few days we might have begun to die. . . .

The letter concludes:

Otherwise everything is more or less the same in Yugoslavia as when you were here; economically, perhaps, a little worse. Peasants here and there are probably much worse off than a year ago. Even in Serbia there is acute discontent. Our underground literature reported that in the middle of June more than two thousand Serbian peasants invaded the King's ancestral estate in Topola and destroyed the gardens. The few gendarmes on duty there did not dare shoot. Have you heard of this in America? It is absolutely true. . . . There have been wholesale arrests lately in Montenegro. . . . You know, of course, about the student riots in Belgrade and Zagreb last May. . . . Bulgaria is said to be on the verge of a Communistic revolution. The question is: How long can the new regime keep it down? . . . Economic and social conditions are reported to be much worse in Austria than even in Yugoslavia. Industrial workers are said to be actually hunting for cats and dogs in the various cities. Do you hear of this in America? . . . We talk a lot about what is going on in Hitler's Reich. Weren't you delighted with Hitler's "blood purge"? . . . Mussolini's Italy is slipping economically and terror is reported to be increasing there, too. . . . There is, as always, much war talk. . . . Things are developing rapidly as we Marxists expect and want them to develop; still not rapidly enough. It is hard to be patient when there is poverty and agony all about you and you feel—every once in a while—as if you were in a trap, although the sun shines and the mountains are green and the river Sava quietly flows on.

In the Driftway

THE DRIFTER, as you may have suspected, is a person of irreproachable ancestry. Some of his forebears are alleged to have taken passage on that incredibly over-populated vessel, the Mayflower. Others fought, after a fashion, in the American Revolution. So that occasionally a kind of atavistic homing instinct leads the Drifter back to Boston. On one such occasion the Drifter, by a set of curious chances, found himself walking along Beacon Street between a brace of burly plain-clothes men—South Boston Irishmen—who insisted that he visit the local jail, the reason being the objection of the authorities to the Drifter's admiration and sympathy for a couple of unfortunate anarchists, one of whom reminded him strongly of Thoreau.

* * * * *

IT was years before the Drifter could bring himself to repeat the visit. But last week he found himself standing before the Old North Church and attempting, by an effort of the imagination, to recapture some sense of his origins, of his identity as an American; to reconstruct some idea of the conviction and purpose that had animated the founding of the American colonies. Lost in such meditations, the Drifter was for some time unaware that he was being addressed. But the drone of a small voice continued, and

finally the persistent twitching of a small hand at his coat sleeve caused him to look down. A very dirty and very determined Italian urchin was reciting, with gestures:

One, if by land, and two, if by sea
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.

Another urchin joined him and then three more. They recited in chorus. A fifth, who had memorized the patter from some Chamber of Commerce guidebook, set up a competing recitation, but was driven off with primitive childish violence. The Drifter emptied his pockets of pennies and departed in search of other shrines. Somewhere in the maze of narrow streets and alleys of the Italian quarter, buried beneath foul and lightless tenements, is the home of Paul Revere. The Drifter found it and again his meditations were interrupted. This time at least a score of ragged boys and girls collected in no time. They chanted, singly, and in an eerie, dissonant chorus. They refused to accept the Drifter's plea of pennilessness. In desperation he gave them a large bag of California grapes, a pocket knife, and two pencils.

* * * * *

WELL, the Drifter reflected, America has achieved a culture. Boston has slums almost as foul as those of Naples and child beggars almost as persistent. But that, surely, was not the Idea. Was it an Idea that settled Boston, or was it just an accident? Or was it, perhaps, an idea that centuries later turned out to be a Big Mistake? What would have happened if Paul Revere's horse had broken a leg? Would it have been better, worse, or much the same? The Drifter is not a serious person, but he has one serious worry about recounting the episode. It is that Boston, as a matter of civic pride, might feel obliged to Do Something About It, and that the something might be to set a policeman to chasing these children. That, he feels, would also not be the Idea.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Congress Against War and Fascism

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Cynically, methodically, the world drifts toward another war. Statesmen have abandoned their glib talk of disarmament and permanent peace, remembering the lessons of 1914. They are absorbed by the grim business of armament races, military alliances, and the other accoutrements of the years immediately preceding the last conflict. Any historical analysis should demonstrate that we are on the verge of catastrophe. Any realistic estimate of the world scene should draw the penetrating, if disconcerting parallel. Men and women, students and teachers, should be keenly aware that it is time they began to fight for their lives. Unfortunately, there is a tendency to fight only when the forces of death are arrayed in insuperable lines. The anti-war movement learned that in 1917. It is attempting to capitalize upon that experience today, to organize before war breaks out.

The Youth Section of the American League Against War and Fascism has called a nation-wide Congress to be held in Chicago on September 28, 29, and 30. It is, I feel, imperative that this congress should draw a genuine cross-section of America—from schools, factories, shops, and farms, from every area where the victims of the next war are today at work. It is natural that a militant organization such as the American League should be branded "red" by its enemies; that is the oldest weapon of finance and reaction. I am convinced that the American League offers a firm basis for a "united front" of resolute, effective action. I am convinced that the Communists in it are sincere, energetic, and fearless opponents of war. I am certain that they are ready and have already demonstrated their ability to work side by side with conservative elements—so long as these remain sincere and courageous.

To prevent war, to smash its ally—fascism—in its incipient stages, demands immediate, widespread action. It means mobilization along non-political lines. It is time that the young men and women of America took up the challenge to their lives. It is time they decided to make a serious fight for their own welfare. It is time they realized that they have to look out for themselves. The League of Nations won't look out for them.

New York, August 13

JAMES A. WECHSLER,
Editor Columbia Daily Spectator

Unionism at Stake

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Minneapolis truck drivers have been striking for over four weeks, during which period two workers have been murdered and fifty wounded. The Central Labor Union recognizes that in this strike, in which the workers face the united opposition of the employers and the forces of the State, the fate of all Minneapolis unionism is at stake. Financial help is badly needed. Send contributions to the Strike Committee of One Hundred, 225 South Third Street, Minneapolis.

Minneapolis, August 18

HERBERT SOLOW

Finance

"Lack of Confidence"

THE mounting hysteria of big business, euphemistically described by its spokesmen as a "lack of confidence," has reached proportions within the past few weeks that offer a suggestive commentary on the difficulty of imposing an effective check on profits as long as the sources of economic power remain intact. This hysteria has also emphasized again how thin is the line which separates the superficial conservatism of American business leaders from the tactics of outright fascism. "Lack of confidence" is generally ascribed to the fear of owners of capital for the continued sanctity of the profit margin. It is contended that increases in wage rates, taxes, and other costs have so imperiled the profitability of business as to destroy the incentive for new investment and for the new undertakings essential to a real recovery in business activity.

At first glance, those who are untouched by the psychology of big business would have difficulty in finding evidence to corroborate these fears. For example, in a composite group of fifty-six representative corporations, the largest cross-section of American industry for which the necessary statistics are now complete, the reports for the first six months of the year show

that, instead of a curtailed profit margin, the earnings of these concerns increased 175 per cent over the corresponding period of 1933 to a grand total of \$128,000,000, while their volume of business increased only 53 per cent to \$1,700,000,000. In a country which still numbers its unemployed at at least ten million such a showing not only would appear to be sufficiently consoling for the most nervous business man, but would seem an ironic commentary upon the success of the New Deal effort to expand mass purchasing power faster than prices and profits.

But any such interpretation of these facts is, of course, unacceptable to big business. Instead, it is pointed out that in the second quarter of this year, profits, as shown by the available complete reports, increased only 24 per cent over the same period in 1933, while the volume of business increased 50 per cent. Nor is the alarm with which such a trend is greeted modified by recognition of the fact that the comparable quarter of 1933 was affected by the inflationary business boom, and that profits

were increased by the deflated scale of wages and other costs attained through the ruthless industrial retrenchment of the preceding three years.

However tenuous the justification for the fears of capital may appear, the existence of those fears is undeniable. There is no greater mental torture for the capitalist than to watch his volume of business increase at a faster rate than his profits. The reality of the "lack of confidence" has been reflected in the recent doldrums of the stock market. Its repercussions have been felt in Washington, where even Dr. Tugwell was recently impelled to deliver a lukewarm indorsement of the profit principle as the "reward" for "services and for investment of time, effort, and foresight." And Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, more forthrightly assured his friends in Wall Street that "there is not the slightest thought of eliminating or restricting proper profits."

But these assurances have been offset in the minds of business men by President Roosevelt's refusal to lift restrictions against business and thus commit the political error of repudiating his professed allegiance to the common welfare as opposed to the interests of monopoly capitalism. In the absence of such a saving stroke, the alternative solutions suggested by business leaders cover a wide range. As an example of naivete, E. F. Hutton, head of a large Wall Street brokerage house and chairman of the General Foods Corporation, recently proposed that the "enthusiasm for business to proceed" be restored by the creation of a consulting board of business leaders which would be officially designated to advise the President and Congress on all legislation having a bearing on business, and which, in effect, would constitute a gigantic business lobby under official sanction. The opposite extreme of pragmatic action is illustrated by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors, who recently declared that the impaired "profit margin of industry" should not be accepted as a permanent condition but "should be looked upon as a challenge and an incentive to regain what has been lost, to establish even higher standards of operating efficiency." In other words, what meager gains workers have extracted from the aggregate of industrial revenues must be recouped by the speed-up, by the stretch-out, and by intensified displacement of labor through technological improvements.

The divergence of these panaceas gives no clear indication of the course which capital would follow if further concessions to labor should actually endanger its profits to an important degree. A clue may be found, however, in the excited reaction of capital to recent labor disturbances, particularly to the radical strikes in San Francisco and Minneapolis. The increased frequency of the old demand that the Communists be run out of the country can be attested to by all who have frequent contact with business representatives. And this tendency, together with the eager efforts of big-business spokesmen to couple communism with the regime in Washington, confirms the suspicion that the professed distaste of American capitalism for the methods of fascism arise from its confidence in its continued control of democratic politics rather than from an inviolable regard for constitutional liberties *per se*. Even so staid a Republican as Silas H. Strawn recently converted a radio address on constitutionalism into a plea to the American people to "awake to a realization of the danger of permitting the experimentalists in Washington to bring about socialism or communism in our country." But the premier performance in hysterical red-baiting and confusion of issues was reserved for Colonel Robert R. McCormick, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. In a recent radio address under the sponsorship of the Crusaders, the Colonel charged the Roosevelt Brain Trust with an alliance with the Communist Party and called on "Crusaders and Legionnaires" for direct opposition to radicalism before the "torch of civilization" has been "finally extinguished."

PETER HELMOOP NOYES



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Labor and Industry

California Casualty List

By LEW LEVENSON

A CASUALTY list in the grim class war in California must necessarily be as incomplete as if it were a record of dead and wounded in a major military campaign. Both sides conceal their true losses. The police record only such casualties as are inflicted upon themselves and their allies, the strike-breakers, vigilantes, private shock-troop squads. Many workers conceal their broken flesh and bones in fear. Literally thousands, including many noncombatants, have been gassed, had their skulls cracked, been trampled upon, and shot. Countless homes have been entered. Private property has been ruthlessly destroyed. The following list is limited, too, by the destruction of records during the general strike. Thus San Francisco casualties before July 1 can only be estimated.

The class-conscious workers of California are living in terror today. Except in Los Angeles their movement has been driven underground. They are listed, photographed, studied, harassed, and constantly attacked by their enemies. They have no protectors, no newspaper in which to appeal to public opinion. When they attempt to win better working conditions, they are met with special clubs four feet long, gas bombs, iron pipe, billies, and bullets.

In the Imperial Valley, during the strikes this year, police, private armies, and vigilantes committed every crime in the calendar upon their victims, who comprised the migratory workers and their allies, labor organizers, lawyers of the Civil Liberties Union and the International Labor Defense. Hundreds were arrested; gas, water, and fire were used to terrorize the unfortunates, some of whom were working for thirty-five cents a day. No one knows who the injured were in the Imperial Valley engagement. Stockades held prisoners of war; chain gangs were improvised to punish them; all roads were blockaded against either food or moral aid for the victims.

In Los Angeles the unbelievably sadistic Red Squad goes ahead merrily cracking skulls. It is aided by many squads of private shock troops, who use everything from whips to pick handles upon their victims. Concerts, lectures, plays, even a track meet for children have been broken up.

In northern California the red-hunt was hardly a hunt. It was a war. Minor skirmishes took place for weeks between small groups of strikers and strike-breakers. The city police entered the fray and shot innumerable workers *in the back*. Encouraged by statements of Governor Merriam, Mayor Rossi, Chief of Police Quinn, and minor mayors in the Bay cities, vigilantes under many names—"safety committees," Minute Men, White Guards, Silver Shirts, Ku Klux Klanners—roamed the highways at will, acting in much the same manner as their German prototypes, the Brown Shirts. The list here given does not include those arrested in the huge drive which netted 600 prisoners of war. Whether these latter were beaten and to what extent is not yet known. Many of them are still in jail, lacking bail, which was set at \$1,000. Their leaders and their law-

yers are hampered in every way by arrests, beatings, and the antagonism of courts.

Every name in this list is taken from a duly accredited report, usually that of the police blotter, hospital admission card, daily newspaper report, or direct statement of the victim, either personal, by affidavit, or from his accredited representative. The list is only a partial enumeration of those who received medical attention and of course includes the names of no policemen, strike-breakers, or shock troopers.

ALAMEDA

July 2. W. Dacey, 126 Maitland Avenue, beaten by mob, back injured.

BERKELEY

July 19. Mrs. B. F. Sandow, 1730 Francisco Street, cut by glass when brick, with anti-red warning attached, was hurled through window of home. Numerous minor injuries sustained by workers during raids on Comrades Hall, also known as Finnish Workers' Hall, 1819 Tenth Street and on Communist headquarters, 2600 San Pedro Avenue.

July 20. Philosophers Club in the First Congregational Church raided during lecture. Several injured. Furnishings damaged.

BRAWLEY

January 10, 11, 12. Meetings in Azteca Hall raided by police, deputies, American legionnaires, and vigilantes, with tear gas and clubs. Hall demolished, typewriters and furniture smashed, building flooded by Fire Department, 150 arrests, 350 injured. Prisons filled and stockades erected to hold those who could not be jailed. No individual list of casualties available.

July 30. Tony Solorzano, laborer, released from road camp for radical prisoners on Superstition Mountain on July 23, beaten by eight vigilantes, rendered unconscious, and thrown across bed where his three terrified children lay. In sworn affidavit declares he recognized W. F. Aycock, nephew of A. J. Jack, head of the growers' association, as leader of the vigilantes.

COMPTON

June 20. Mrs. Nellie Bongye, of Southgate, hit in the head during riot at schoolhouse when police attacked meeting with clubs.

DECOTO

July 8. Benny Santiago, Henry Rodriguez, Anthony Cunha, all of Hayward, arrested, beaten in jail, given ten-day sentences.

EL CENTRO

January 23. A. L. Wirin, Civil Liberties Union lawyer, kidnapped, beaten, robbed, clothes torn, automobile driven over embankment. Grover Jones, International Labor Defense lawyer, assaulted at courthouse. Many other unrecorded beatings of radicals.

HAYWARD

July 7. Elwood James, Communist candidate for supervisor, attacked by vigilantes. Laceration on head and shoulders. George Chase, 623 Poplar Avenue, attacked by vigilantes, hit on head with monkey wrench. Frank James, Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Union organizer, pulled from car by vigilantes and beaten.

July 15. Communist headquarters raided, furniture demolished, desks dragged into streets and set on fire. Several minor injuries. Scaffold erected in front of City Hall with legend, "Reds, Beware!"

LOS ANGELES

(Not including the waterfront)

Radical and vigilante raids in Los Angeles, including all surrounding cities except San Pedro, have been too numerous to mention. The police constantly break up radical meetings. Vigilante groups are well organized and carry clubs, whips, and so forth.

June 1. Riot at relief headquarters where six radicals attempted to present petition. They were attacked by police and aides. Arthur H. Milton, fractured skull, broken arm, broken left leg, internal injuries, still in hospital. James McShann, head beaten in street riot; at police station, arms twisted, testicles badly smashed. Earl Tennery, beaten. James Toth, beaten. W. T. Sessoms, beaten. Harold Hendricks, beaten. John Saunders, beaten. All of the above arrested for resisting officers, inciting to riot.

July 12. Police escorted strike-breakers to Mission Knit Hosiery Mills. When strikers picketed in front of gate, police attacked. John Sboriski, strike chairman, 205 East Sixty-sixth Street, head cuts. Martin Hodsall, 318 West Thirty-eighth Street, beaten on head and shoulders, concussion of brain. Gus Kusiske, 245 West Eighty-second Street, slugged on head. Roy Couser, 215 West Forty-first Street, beaten. Francis Anderson, 5857 Grand Avenue, beaten.

MERCED

July 23. Gus Sartoris, beaten. Home raided by vigilantes, who had police arrest him for urging men to go out and organize unions.

MODESTO

July 18. Raid on street meeting by 150 Minute Men armed with clubs. No record of injuries, but many persons beaten.

July 22. Raid on radical headquarters by vigilantes. Every piece of furniture in place smashed. G. C. Nutter, beaten with club while asleep. A. R. Perry, beaten with club while asleep.

NILAND

Ernest Besig, attorney for Civil Liberties Union, attacked and beaten. General Glassford ordered warrants sworn out for assailants, who were well-known vigilantes.

OAKLAND

July 12. John Carolo, 1712 Fifth Street, beaten by police. Marion Kayser, of Oklahoma, basal fracture of skull. Douglas Duncan, striker, stabbed in abdomen by deputy. John Gofess, thirty-five, 660 Rhode Island Street, fractured skull, attacked by vigilantes; refused admission to emergency hospital, taken to distant hospital instead.

July 17. Raid on 645 Twenty-second Street. Two women, nine men arrested and beaten, names withheld. Furniture smashed. Raid at 1020 Broadway. Police smashed furniture and office equipment. No record of injuries. Seventeen arrests.

RICHMOND

July 17. Photograph studio of W. J. Prater entered by vigilantes, furniture and equipment smashed, Prater warned not to associate with radicals.

July 22. Series of vigilante raids. Mrs. Violet Orr, 440 Santa Fe Avenue, not at home, furniture smashed. Andrew Bartolovich, 2512 Main Street, home entered, beaten, later arrested. William Selles, 1734 Chancellor Avenue, raided, beaten, arrested. George Selles, his son, arrested. C. T. Moore, 1325 Twenty-fourth Street, home raided, partially wrecked, beaten. Accused of appearing at City Council meetings and demanding relief. E. H. Crooks, 303 Ohio Street, home raided, automobile overturned and fired.

July 23. W. E. Anglin, 2205 Spaulding Street, beaten, left in dying condition. Second raid on home of E. H. Crooks, 303 Ohio Street. J. O. Jones caught, beaten, and arrested.

SACRAMENTO

July 19. Vigilante raids resulted in the mistreatment, beating, and arrest of nineteen persons.

July 20. Joe Ferraria, of Oakland, died from injuries received in raid. Vigilantes moved "with the precision of the lynchers of Walter Hart's kidnappers" in raids on radical headquarters. Pat Chambers and Caroline Decker, union organizers in cannery and agricultural industries, jailed.

SAN DIEGO

May 14. Chester Williams, executive head of International Labor Defense, warned to leave town following address before the Hammer Club.

June 27. Lee Moore, John Fillette, Edwin Miller, arrested while driving in car, shots fired at them, then beaten.

July 2. Louis Simonov and Walter Hein arrested for showing revolutionary motion picture. Tear gas thrown at crowd which attended their hearing in court.

July 16. Ray Walters, organizer International Students'

League, and Paul Shapiro, his assistant, arrested and clubbed in raid on meeting on lawn of East San Diego Library.

July 20. Cornelius Killeher, Frank Bosket, George Harpon, Frank Jackman fired at by police on Broadway. Shots missed but police arrested men, clubbing them.

July 25. Raid on Communist headquarters. Angus Drysdale, librarian, beaten and arrested.

SAN FRANCISCO

Violence in San Francisco was constant from the beginning of the strike. No attempt is made here to give any complete list of casualties, the following being those reported by the police only from July 1 to the end of the strike:

July 2. Harry Zacchi, 174A Hanford Street, lacerated lip.

July 3. Eugene Dunbar, clubbed. Walter Kroft, clubbed. Frank Webb, strike leader, clubbed. Caesar Clementi, clubbed. John Peterssen, gassed and clubbed. Harold Odion, clubbed. Five unidentified strikers, scalp wounds. Argonne Riley, of Los Angeles, seaman, clubbed, skull fractured, died in Harbor Emergency Hospital. George Roberts, Seaboard Hotel, broken nose. John Suggmich, 1316 Stockton Street, broken nose. Van Stanton, 130 Steuart Street, scalp lacerations. Peter Macrides, head injuries. George Carlson, 115 Steuart Street, lacerations of scalp. Sam Carl, lacerations of chest caused by stabbing. These were only a few of the many injured in this battle in which the police attacked pickets. Many others ran away in order to avoid further beatings at the hands of the police.

July 5. A general battle between police and strikers resulted in approximately 500 injured and three dead. The police reports are the only ones available. Howard Sperry, died from bullet wounds in back. George Coundourakis, died from bullet wounds in back. Richard Pischach, shot in arm. Eydind Norman, longshoreman, shot in thigh. Leslie Haskell, machinist, Oakland, shot in arm. Ivan Peterson, 68 Burlingame Street, trampled by mob. Albert Ludborg, both legs broken. Robert Chambers, baker, back injuries. Steve Hancock, clubbed, head wounds. Albert Simmons, fractured skull from clubbing. Joe Cammarato, head cut open by gas bomb. Steven Kirele, gassed. Nils Larsen, head wounds from clubbing. John Krice, shot in neck. John Williams, seaman, shot in left knee. Paul McDonahue, seaman, gassed. Joe Silva, seaman, deep scalp wounds. George Williams, seaman, lungs affected by gas, cut by glass. John Plikoss, lacerated scalp. Thomas Henderson, seaman, shot in arm. William Warren, seaman, shot in chest and arm. Ernest Hay, striker, shot in leg. Richard Pressack, shot in left arm. Al Anderson, shot in back and arm. Phillip Palmeros, seaman, clubbed on head. David Del Fosse, 69 Langdon Street, beaten by gang, skull fractured, died. George Colvin, shot in arm. James Engle, seaman, skull fractured by gas bomb. Gene Olsen, striker, shot in head and back. Edward Hodges, unemployed, shot in stomach and right hand. Jim Morales, stevedore, shot in back and abdomen. Nick Nicholas, striker, skull fractured by gas bomb. Clayton Minor, striker, shot, critically wounded, assailant released. Jerry Hart, 909 Guerrero Street, shot in leg. William Wilson Cook, 920 Montgomery Street, shot in hip. James O'Reilly, 755 Varesmes Place, shot in back. Leslie Steinhardt, 582 Grove Street, shot in head. John Sullivan, shot in ankle. Joe Beovich, 343 California Avenue, shot in neck. Vassih Zahkaroff, 1377 Ellis Street, knocked unconscious by police. Steve Hamrock, 82 Market Street, head battered, arrested. Baccaro Beals, cook, head gashed by police.

July 8. Milton Weber, striker, 1200 Treat Avenue, cut when bricks were hurled into windows by vigilantes.

July 9. Cressel Cole, 2756 Vallejo Street, shot by guardsman. John Manacelli, striker, 359 Fred Street, routed out of bed by armed vigilantes, taken to Golden Gate park, beaten with clubs and brass knuckles, ribs broken, head bruised. John McGuire, 820 McAllister Street, home raided by vigilantes, kidnapped, taken to Thirty-third Avenue and Fulton Street, beaten, tossed out of machine, numerous bruises, cuts, etc.

July 16. Raid at hall, Eddy and Fillmore Streets. Many injured by police and vigilante clubs. Report says at least one man was known to have injured shoulder. No names on police report. James Detour, beaten. Emil Blix, beaten. Carl Kelstrun, beaten. Dick Sanchez, beaten. Robert George, 1278 Webber Street, beaten in front of Embarcadero. Harry Smith, newsboy, 735 Howard Street, beaten. Frank Erwin, 1160 Pine Street, beaten. George

Mason, seaman, beaten, fractured skull. Alfred Jewell, beaten. Ernest Campbell, beaten. Edgar Meldowney, beaten. Frank Mitchell, beaten.

July 17. General vigilante raids on the *Western Worker*, Grove and Larkin Streets; Ex-Service Men's League, 765 Howard Street; Workers' School of Industrial Defense Branch, 1223 Fillmore Street; hall at 637 Linden Avenue; Mission Workers' Neighborhood House, 741 Palmero Street. Four hundred arrests made. No records of injuries received in raids, which extended to hotels, private dwellings, etc.

July 18. Raids of police, vigilantes, and National Guard continued. In raid on Marine Workers' Industrial Union and the International Seamen and Harbor Workers' Union, Howard Conway, seaman, Raymond Peters, seaman, and Ponciaro R. Yeban, seaman, were arrested on suspicion of criminal syndicalism, beaten, and released. In vigilante raid on Workers' School, twenty-five men seized and kidnapped **Jack Bishop, caretaker.**

July 19. Harry Jackson, organizer Marine Workers' Industrial Union, home raided, beaten, arrested on charge of vagrancy, although at home. Others caught in raid: James Wilson, district secretary, I. L. D.; Elaine Black, local secretary, I. L. D.; John Roger, sailor; Harry Provost. John Rohe, 37 Clay Street, beaten, severe lacerations of head and scalp. John Metseranda, beaten and arrested in raid on Communist hall, Sixteenth and Castro Streets.

July 20. Clinton L. Scott, student, 447 Eddy Street, beaten, lacerated scalp. Frank Salet, 391 Thirtieth Street, basal fracture of skull. Lyle Pedlar, beaten. Craig Joy, beaten. Louis Fonseca, contusions, chest injuries. Arthur Duarte, bruises. Porfirio de Diaz, beaten. Charles Lyman, 32 Sacramento Street, beaten. Paul Timma, knife wounds. Allen Hicks, knife wounds.

SAN JOSE

July 20. Vigilantes, acting with expedition, raided numerous homes in a search for John O'Rourke, Communist candidate for supervisor. O'Rourke was not found. Thirteen persons, including one woman, were kidnapped, beaten, and expelled from the city. For several days they were moved from county to county in a trek south toward Mexico. Confined in jails overnight, they finally stopped at Santa Barbara. All were injured. The more seriously abused were: Anton Meckler, teeth knocked out, choked, clothing torn, struck with fists and pickhandles. Fred Bovee, Spanish war veteran, beaten. Aaron Koteck, junk peddler, beaten. Sam Presco, Jr., dragged from home, beaten. Sam Presco, Sr., beaten. Jess Tanner, farm hand, beaten. Josephine Tanner, cannery worker, beaten. Others in party were beaten but have failed to give names publicly for fear of reprisal.

SAN PEDRO

May 14. Los Angeles police, led by the Red Squad, aided by 600 special policemen and innumerable private strike-breaking guards, attempted to drive strikers away from the pier. Many casualties resulted. Dick Parker, 329 O'Farrell Street, shot through chest by guard, died instantly. His assailant was arrested, arraigned, and released. John Knudsen, no address, shot through heart, died immediately. Clifford S. Pugh, 264 Third Street, shot in right foot. Leo Weber, 1517 Island Avenue, shot in left leg. Ronald Pidgeon, 420 Sixth Avenue, shot in left leg. Robert Miller, 213 Seaside Ave., Terminal Island, head injuries. Jack Dempster, 5628½ Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, head and body injuries. A. F. Vello, 721½ East First Street, Los Angeles, head and body injuries. L. F. Foster, 2516 108th Street, Los Angeles, badly beaten. E. F. Morris, 1817B Bellevue Street, beaten. Orville Gilbert, 654 Tenth Street, beaten and bruised. Glenn Rex, 2401 East First Street, fractured skull.

May 22. R. Dyer, beaten. R. McElroy, beaten. Art Grogan, beaten. Joe Filari, beaten. Louis Sheffield, beaten. William Fraser, arrested by police in raid on United Seamen's Union hall, beaten in police station, then released. John Chapman, arrested for selling *Daily Worker* in front of hall, beaten, released.

June 1. A. Jolly, arrested by Red Squad for disturbing peace, taken for ride in police car, beaten, released.

June 9. Raid on United Front Committee for Seamen. Duncan McDougal, rib broken at point of spine. Arthur Jenkins, of Wilmington, arrested, beaten in police car, taken to police station in Wilmington, beaten, taken to San Pedro police station, beaten, **kicked in face, released.**

June 11. Raid on radical meeting. James Ryan, left arm broken, arrested. Harry Ashmore, 727 Sepulveda Street, beaten, arrested. Harold S. Hamilton, 208 West Fourth Street, beaten, club wounds on head and face, arrested. Charles Silvany, 407¼ South Beacon Street, beaten, arrested. Archie Crawford, 521½ Harbor Boulevard, beaten, was refused medical attention, arrested. Arthur Ayres, 101 Harbor Boulevard, beaten, arrested. Many others were injured in this raid but names are not available. In a subsequent battle the following were beaten and arrested: Hans Johannsen, 257 West Seventh Street. Charles Sanbul, 25626 Narbonne Avenue, Lomita. Henry J. Hunt, 25611 Narbonne Avenue, Lomita. Many others were injured in this battle but names are not available.

June 13. Melvin Doughty was waiting for a street car when four men in a car picked him up, saying they were going to the union hall. He was beaten. Later he was arrested on suspicion of kidnapping the four men. **He is still in jail.**

June 16. H. Lyons, arrested, beaten, given thirty-day sentence for battery. Dick Crawford, arrested for disturbing peace, beaten so badly he was sent to hospital.

June 19. Jess Shapiro, San Pedro, taken for ride by police, hit in face, taken to jail, beaten, struck on ear with club; later, five men entered room, slugged him, then he was taken to another room, beaten for ten minutes. His left ear is deaf from beating. No charge was made against him and he was released. Ray Dyer, picked up by police at Fifth and Beacon, hit in stomach with club in police car; later, at jail, hit in stomach with club and beaten about head. John Fraser, striking seaman, asked to become police stool pigeon, refused, beaten. Han Johannsen, asked to become stool pigeon, hands and back twisted, testicles squeezed, beaten about body. E. Kornberg, taken for ride, beaten by police. I. Wooden, arrested for distributing leaflets, beaten, released.

June 26. Rodrigo Ramos, arrested, beaten three times. J. Abbey, arrested for disturbing peace, beaten three times, released. George Green, kidnapped, beaten. Alec Bernard, arrested, beaten, released. J. Sheffield, arrested, beaten, released. John Lavelle, arrested, beaten, released. K. Augustina, arrested, beaten, released. William Brooks, arrested, beaten, released. Tony Tagomeri, arrested, beaten, released.

A miscellaneous group of strikers, arrested and beaten during the month of June, is as follows: R. McElroy, arrested on suspicion of unlawful assembly, beaten with club on toes. James Ryan, beaten, removed to hospital. K. Karlson, arrested and severely beaten. H. Darby, arrested, charge of concealing dangerous weapon, beaten, released. Joe Fraser, arrested, beaten, released. Lloyd Wheelander, arrested, knocked down, kicked in face. Manuel Flores, arrested, beaten, released. James Lacey, arrested, beaten, released. Lacey is correspondent for the *Western Worker*.

July 10. John D. Popovich, 710 Santa Cruz Avenue, arrested, beaten. Frank Connolly, 257 West Seventh Street, arrested, beaten. Mel Welander, arrested, beaten. James Ramy, arrested, beaten. Fred Czarnetsky, arrested, beaten. Conrad Johannsen, arrested, beaten. Herman Poslglin, arrested, beaten.

July 11. Frederick North, 779 West Twentieth Street, beaten. Arthur Jenkins, badly beaten.

July 16. Raid on street meeting. B. Donohue, beaten, arrested, released. John Pritchett, arrested, beaten, released. Raid on Union Hall, Benito Garcia, beaten, held in jail five days, released. Britt Webster, leg sprained in beating received in jail, held. J. Figueroa, ankle twisted in beating received in jail, held. Raymond Peters, arrested, beaten, released. Thomas Sharp, arrested, beaten in police car, knocked down in jail elevator, beaten on leg with club until his shin bone received compound fracture, subsequently beaten until shoulder bone was broken. In hospital for two weeks, released and sent to jail bull-pen with casts on shoulder and leg, still in jail. James Gallop, cuts on face and head. Approximately 500 arrests were made in San Pedro. In addition to above cases, many other people were manhandled. This list does not include beatings, too numerous to mention, administered by vigilantes.

WALNUT CREEK

Dewey Mosher, arrested on complaint of neighbors for preaching communism. Beaten, then given sixty-day sentence.

WATSONVILLE

July 22. Six Communists, names not available, attacked by vigilantes, beaten, and driven out of the town.



JOHN T. FLYNN'S

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Books

The Sage of Potato Hill

THERE are doubtless plenty of small-town Philistines undisturbed even today in their complacent provincialism, but they do not succeed in attracting the favorable attention of the very people to whom their ideas should be anathema. An exceptional phenomenon is E. W. Howe, of Potato Hill Farm, Atchison, Kansas, whose "Story of a Country Town" was praised by Howells in the eighties, and who owned and edited the *Atchison Globe* from 1877 to 1911, when he retired. Then his fame with the unorthodox intellectuals began, with the publication of *E. W. Howe's Monthly*, a four-page newspaper consisting of comments on all and sundry, written entirely by himself. H. L. Mencken was so fired with admiration for him that twenty years ago he presented me with a subscription to this sheet, and in 1919 he edited an anthology of Mr. Howe's philosophy under the title "Ventures in Common Sense."

In the light of the past five years some quotations which I shall make from Mr. Howe's works take on an added idiosyncrasy, but their fundamental falsity has been obvious to every thinking person since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, at least. They have been chosen because they are characteristic and may be found repeated *ad nauseam* in the files of the *Monthly*, in "Success Easier than Failure," and in "The Blessing of Business." Since many of them and others like them are included in the semi-official anthology, "Ventures in Common Sense," they do not maliciously misrepresent him:

Of living creatures, business men are nearest sane; their philosophy is as accurate as their multiplication table.

All should have ideals they cannot quite reach; all should be a little high-minded, and accomplish some of the greater good; but it is business men who know these things may easily be made professional and mischievous.

In thousands of years there has been no advance in public morals, in philosophy, in religion, or in politics, but the advance in business has been the greatest miracle the world has ever known.

I believe the most useful man who has ever lived is John D. Rockefeller.

The earnings of no statesman are as fairly gained as the 5 per cent of the packing houses or the railroads.

The surest way to make money is to be industrious, polite, temperate, and honorable.

There is exactly the same reason for believing in religion that there is for believing in socialism: both doctrines are appeals to big chiefs for favors.

Most men who want to do good, want it done at the expense of others.

The most useful men the world has ever known have been well-to-do, with very few exceptions.

Many geniuses have been idlers and drunkards, and become famous over night, but no idler or drunkard ever succeeded in business.

A writing man is something of a black sheep, like the village fiddler.

There may have been a time when employers were overbearing, but they are not now; they have been punished so much.

There is trickery in every human transaction.

I know nothing in which the majority is habitually wrong.

Every great thing in the world's history has resulted from men working for profit.

Investigate the men in the bread line, and you will find this is the trouble: short hours of work and long hours of dissipation.

As one copies out these choice specimens of "common sense," one has the uneasy feeling that perhaps they are too common, in every sense of that adjective, to merit serious discussion. Yet the Sage of Potato Hill Farm has had—and for all I know may still have—the indorsement of many who would revolt at such piffle if uttered by a Congressman, a popular preacher, or a public-relations counsel.

When he is not denying the existence of almost every fine character in history by asserting that profiteering is the only motive for human action, when he is not sneering at altruism and idealism as forms of lying trickery, when he is not defying the palpable evidence of history by denying moral and intellectual progress, his statements take on a particularly ludicrous form of ignorant egomania. He will dismiss Goethe on the ground that he, E. W. Howe, never heard of him until lately and has not read him. This is a typical remark: "One of the noted men of the world is George Brandes. I only know he is noted; I have never read a line he has written." This is apparently an attempt to suggest that fame is a fleeting and relative matter. Samuel Johnson, however, appears to be more famous because, though Mr. Howe does not like him and has never read him, he remembers that Johnson was once invited for breakfast and stayed twenty years. Such is fame at Potato Hill Farm. "Did Shakespeare," he asks, "or Goethe, or Whitman, or Buddha, or Tolstoy, or Confucius, or Rousseau ever teach you as important lessons as you learned from your parents, from your worthy and intelligent neighbors, from the leading men of practical affairs in your own country and age? *They did not*, and you know it."

Whether E. W. Howe is a Republican or a Democrat, I cannot remember, but his hatred of professors reads today as if it had been written by any one of our anti-Brain Trust fanatics. "It is proper for the professors to tell the facts they encounter in their studies, but they should permit the people to draw their own conclusions." In a word, the capacity for interpreting facts does not require any education, and professors have no right to hold opinions. "Anything too big for the people to understand doesn't make any difference. I do not understand Greek; very well, I have no use for it." That pretty well disposes of the whole of classical literature and all science!

When Anatole France said that the law in its impartiality condemned the rich man and the poor man alike if they were found sleeping underneath a bridge, he expressed with humorous truth what E. W. Howe says with misleading humorlessness when he writes: "There is not now, and has never been among us, a general disposition to impose on the poor; there are no laws in the United States discriminating against them." The measure of a fine mind and a mediocre one lies in the contrast between these two statements of the same fact. One of the quotations above, with its reference to being "a little high-minded"—only a little,

mind you!—gives the clue to the entire personality of E. W. Howe. What one of those languages he has no use for called "the golden mean" becomes in his mind a mean of more sordid metal. Never do anything heterodox, conform to every convention, always get the best of a bargain, and indulge only in the safest and sanest gestures of idealism, those that pay and make a good impression, without too much risk. Suspect everyone who is disinterested, and sneer at every achievement of man inspired by any other than the profit motive.

It would seem, on reflection, that we have met E. W. Howe before, in line rather than in print. He is Caspar Milquetoast, propped up by a country newspaper until he has acquired in print the courage of a *mouton enragé*.

ERNEST BOYD

Class War and Violence

Dynamite: The Story of Class Violence in America. By Louis Adamic. The Viking Press. Revised Edition. \$2.

THE American class war has always been and still is more violent than that of any other industrial country—excluding revolutionary struggles. In addition to the violence of the state, employers have used and still use private police and gangsters of their own to crush the workers. Wholly in the American tradition is the fact that during the first seven months of 1934 the class war resulted in the killing of 26 strikers and the injury of more than 700 other strikers.

Louis Adamic's study of class violence throws considerable light upon the subject. Much of it represents patient original research; many crannies in the history of the labor movement are illuminated. Particularly well done is the story of the McNamaras, one of whom is still in prison. All the major episodes of violence are covered. The causes are sketched, although not fully analyzed: the American tradition of violence, the brutality of the employers, the weakness of unions in their struggle against massed capital. Yet the picture as a whole is distorted.

Many aspects of the labor movement are more significant than its resort to violence. True enough, as Adamic says, his book is not a history of the labor movement; but the more important aspects should have been woven at least into the background, in order to indicate clearly the relative significance of violence.

The resort of labor to violence, moreover, is exaggerated. (Most of the violence was used by the employers and the state, but this is not sufficiently emphasized and there is no full story of the employers' technique of violence.) According to Adamic: "Dynamite—the real stuff—became a definite part of the policy and tactics of the American labor movement, including, indeed especially, the A. F. of L." Again and again he uses the phrase "Dynamite . . . that's the stuff." But as a matter of fact dynamite was little used by workers. The anarchists of the 1880's talked hysterically about dynamite but did not use it; the Haymarket bomb was an act of provocation. Some unions, notably the metal miners and the building trades, used dynamite, but they were in the minority. Dynamite was not used by most of the A. F. of L. unions, nor by the railroad brotherhoods, nor by the I. W. W., despite its philosophy of violence: the greatest I. W. W. strike, the Lawrence strike of 1912, was a marvel of peaceful struggle and solidarity.

Still more important, Adamic makes no evaluation of violence. A militant labor movement neither accepts nor rejects violence "in principle." It may reject dynamiting but use other forms of violence—precisely as the Russian Bolsheviks rejected

assassination but used mass violence to wage the revolutionary struggle. There is violence and violence; and, in addition, varying conditions and objectives. Yet Adamic lumps all violence together—dynamiting, resistance to attacks by police and soldiers, coercion of scabs, the violence of labor racketeering. By this process the militant mass action of the workers in the great strikes of 1877—which Adamic styles the "great riots"—becomes indistinguishable from the violence of gangsters in "labor wars." Thus the working class is deprived of some of its finest traditions.

This confusion reaches its climax in the discussion of racketeering. With the organization of the A. F. of L. in the 1880's, according to Adamic, "the labor movement became a racket." This is obviously false. Racketeering in the labor unions arose after the World War; it must be fought, but it is limited to a small minority of unions. The A. F. of L. was conservative, it limited itself to promoting the craft interests of its members, often at the expense of other workers, its leaders were aptly characterized as labor lieutenants of the capitalist class; but to designate it as a racket is to distort its character and significance. Yet Adamic goes farther, as appears from the following:

In the Molly Maguires we have the first beginnings of "racketeering" in America, especially labor racketeering. . . . The Haymarket bomb is the Adam of the "pineapples" that go off nowadays . . . in the cause of all sorts of rackets, as well as the cause of organized labor. . . . Gangsterism was a vital early factor in the American class struggle, first on the capitalist side, and then on the side of labor; and its history is inextricably bound up with the history of organized labor.

This is bad history and worse sociology.

What purpose does it serve, moreover? It may sound terribly revolutionary, but it is not. It does not help in the struggle against the conservatism of the unions and the corruption and betrayals of their leaders.

"Dynamite," first published in 1931, reflected to a large degree the pre-1929 cynical and muckraking attitude toward a labor movement in decline. Adamic has changed considerably since then, with the result that he has made a few, but not enough, revisions. His new attitude appears most clearly in the new chapter at the end dealing with developments during the depression; it is positive, radical, suggestive. The whole tone of the chapter clashes with the tone of the earlier chapters—an indication of the extent to which Adamic has changed. But the fundamental defects of approach and analysis remain.

LEWIS COREY

Signature of Spring

American Song: A Book of Poems. By Paul Engle. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$1.75.

THIS young poet, taking a good deal from Whitman, something from the platonic Shelley, a bit from Rupert Brooke, sets out to contradict the whole Waste Land school of poetic thought and to reaffirm the values of the heart. His is the poetry of sheer physical exuberance couched almost entirely in literary language. Whether or not he has felt the identification with nature which he expresses, he tends always to state this identification, not in images springing from personal experience, but in images reminiscent of other poets. His is the bravery of youth, of the strong body. True American men have always been brave, he argues, and thereupon turns to pioneer history for confirmation. Without any real examination into the causes of the defeat so often stated by the Waste Land school of writers, he dubs them all cowards. Apparently

this young poet has been carefully protected from economic and social problems. He remains the vaunting individualist sure that men may claim their place in the sun, asserting the biological desire for life.

All this is very well. But the fact remains that we are not, in America, any longer pioneers. Man cannot very easily move westward and rule his own domain. The heart as the instrument of experience, the expression of purely personal emotion, is not enough for modern poetry. Paul Engle has not gone, in thought or in poetic imagination, one step beyond the romantics. Whitman's America is not the America of today. And Whitman presented the same series of ideas much more logically than does the young modern. Whitman's prophetic vision had, at least, some roots in reality. Paul Engle's command that America return to its adolescent faith in individual bravery and conquest is just a little absurd. What good will rehearsing the history of our forefathers do us now? How can we become so pure in heart, so uncritical, as to see the life-force flowering freely if only people will deny the mind and believe in adolescent delight?

But a poet may say what he pleases if he says it well. Paul Engle, however, has much to learn in technique. His blank verse is often very blank. Many of his lyrics are completely undistinguished by beauty of phrase or image. There is altogether too much of him. He is wordy, literary in the use of adjectives. He has not learned restraint, the use of the right word and only the right word, the perfect simplicity which might very correctly express his ideas. He steals phrases and rhythms even from the very Waste Land poets he attacks, especially from MacLeish. He has, of course, a certain power. He is completely free of the disease which affected all the minor Waste Landers, the desire to be precious, cerebral in use of image, complex and intellectual in thought. He writes with abandon and exultation. Moreover, it is always a good sign when a young poet needs paring down. So many of them lack something to say, lack words with which to say anything at all. Paul Engle has a thesis, whether it be true or not. He has such a flow of language as comes from much remembered reading plus a good deal of young experience—travel, spontaneous awareness. If he is not overpraised, if he learns his art and its instruments, if he grows intellectually as well as emotionally, he may come through as a good poet. This particular volume is an efflorescence of romantic delight in living, very young, very uncritical, not very distinguished.

EDA LOU WALTON

Mr. Priestley Discovers England

English Journey. By J. B. Priestley. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

MR. PRIESTLEY'S novels are pale imitations of Dickens, filled with a Dickensian sentimentality but lacking the zest for the absurdities of human nature and the indignation against the cruelties of English civilization which made Dickens a great novelist. "English Journey" begins in the same vein. During his explorations of southern England Mr. Priestley meets characters whom he considers to be odd and whom he describes at inordinate length, and he travels from town to town in a condition of bovine good humor. The last two-thirds of the book are more interesting. Mr. Priestley goes north and visits in turn the woolen mills of Yorkshire, the potteries, and the areas dedicated to the three shattered industries of cotton, coal, and shipbuilding. Not even Mr. Priestley's good humor is proof against the blatant ugliness of the industrial towns and the misery of their inhabitants. He drops his pose of whimsicality; he is honestly, and naively, surprised and appalled by the discovery that he lives in a country which, after allowing its

working classes to grow up in surroundings not fit for human habitation and after becoming rich and powerful as a result of their labor, is now wasting their lives and breaking their spirits with the stinginess and humiliation of the dole. He denounces the whole system with a vigor, a sincerity, and an eloquence which make this book far superior to anything which he has ever written before.

When his emotions are aroused, Mr. Priestley is a superb reporter. Even when he describes the details of a complicated industrial process, he can still hold the interest of his reader. "English Journey" should be a useful irritant to the English conscience, particularly to that of the complacent and comfortable professional classes which enjoy Mr. Priestley's novels. It will remind Londoners, who govern, and think for, the whole nation, that the prosperity which they see under their noses is merely a local phenomenon. Yet unless this book results in a little serious mental exertion, it is likely to do more harm than good. Mr. Priestley professes himself to be incapable of understanding economics. He is content merely to record what he sees; he does not attempt to discover what are the underlying causes of that condition or how it may be remedied. He realizes that there are symptoms of disease and he wants to destroy them, but he has no conception of how to set about a scientific diagnosis. Unfortunately, to arouse a mood of incoherent indignation is only too liable to play into the hands of any quack who promises a safe and speedy cure—in this instance, of Sir Oswald Mosley. More necessary even than indignation is a radical and ruthless investigation of the causes for England's economic plight. Unless they abandon their belief in the efficacy of "muddling through" and learn to use their own intelligences instead of relying on those of their distant ancestors, Mr. Priestley's fellow-countrymen must expect either a steady decline to poverty and impotence or catastrophic destruction in another world war.

H. B. PARKES

Small Town

The Second House from the Corner. By Max Miller. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

"HE came around while my house was being built. He is ninety-three, and he was my first visitor. He walks where he goes, and he is always going. He lives about four miles from here in a converted chicken-house."

Even the careless reader might be caught by these first sentences in Max Miller's new book, "The Second House from the Corner," even if by no more than the fact that he has been reading an almost uninterrupted succession of one-syllable words. If he notices that, he is likely to notice something else—that the simple words have made a picture as single blocks build a house, and that in some queer way his imagination is stimulated, his curiosity aroused, by something seemingly as artless as breath itself. I am inclined to think that Max Miller's writing is artless writing—really natural writing, the free-flowing expression in pictorial words of objects or people or events that have left their impression. Which means that it is at once a gift and a danger. The gift is that it flows free as a river; the danger is that it may become lost in the sea; has not, like the sea, its boundary and frame.

In this new autobiographical book the author builds his first house and becomes a small-town citizen and married man. The very old man who is his first visitor has built five, seen them go, and is living now in his last one—a chicken-house. The sketch—like all the sketches here—is of the slightest and homeliest, yet it takes in the fullest span of human life. "At the far end of the street he waved his cane. . . . The gesture either was one of goodbye or one of greeting. But I rather believe

the gesture was one of greeting, a fraternity gesture, signifying that I by now was on the same road with him."

From this beginning the other sketches—there are thirty-four of them and most of them of the briefest—depict the various small aspects of small-town life: the town gossip, the mailman, the church janitor, the distinguished visiting tourist, the summer people, the Woman Who Knows, the night the town saved the boat, Mrs. Anderson's dinner, the hospital. And every now and then there drops into this book, under the light guise of sketches, small patches of *selected* dialogue before which we open our eyes, since, generally speaking, the dialogue in American fiction is a national disgrace. This book, to be sure, is not fiction, but neither is it literal autobiography; and the author's sense of selection in some of his dialogue argues better, to my mind, for his future than his facile ease in sketching the trivial and giving a certain universal significance to it.

EDNA KENTON

1918-20 leaders (with Dr. Hu) of the intellectual awakening. He speaks also of Dr. Yang Chien, organizer of the National Research Council of China, as a renaissance leader, but he carefully avoids mentioning that Professor Chen has been sentenced to eleven years' imprisonment in Nanking, and that Dr. Yang was murdered in Shanghai on June 18, 1933, by the Kuomintang because he fought the fearful reaction in China.

In China Dr. Hu does not enjoy the same reputation as in America. He is associated with some of the most reactionary leaders of the country, including Dr. V. K. Ting, former Mayor of Shanghai under the old militarist Sun Chuan-fang. He was adviser to General Chang Hsueh-liang, militarist dictator, drug addict, despoiler of girls in Peking, and traitor to China. He can walk freely in and out of the prisons of Nanking, visiting his friends. Perhaps his friends, like Thoreau, ask him: "You ask me why I am in jail. I ask you why you are not."

AGNES SMEDLEY

China's "Renaissance"

The Chinese Renaissance. By Hu Shih. University of Chicago Press. \$1.50.

THE students of the University of Chicago who listened to Dr. Hu Shih deliver the six lectures embodied in this small volume were most woefully cheated. For not even one-tenth of the facts connected with the struggle of the Chinese people for a new life are here related. The lectures reveal nothing but aspects of value and of interest to Dr. Hu and the small class of which he is part.

The first lecture on Types of Cultural Response is filled with nothing but words and more words. These are at times interesting, at other times they shield facts. For instance, Dr. Hu, apologist for capitalism in China, never once mentions the capitalism or imperialism that has subjected China; he refers only to the "new Western civilization" which he considers so desirable. He speaks of the masses as "the ignorant populace," and tells us that "the masses follow the upper classes just as the grass bows to the wind." Dr. Hu is badly out of date if he does not know of the masses who fought through the Russian Revolution, who are fighting in the Chinese revolutionary movement today, or the mass struggle throughout the world. In fact, he does not even mention the existence of the Chinese Soviet Republic, where the Chinese masses have created a new, progressive culture and are defending it with their lives.

There is one lecture on the history of religion in China—a subject of no interest to anyone interested in the new life of China. Dr. Hu is merely rehashing one of his older books and making an impression on unknowing Americans. One chapter tells of new developments, such as the break-up of Chinese families and the new divorce laws of the Nanking Government. We learn that Chinese women may own and control their own property. But for the millions of toiling Chinese people divorce is not the most important problem; and the number of women who own more than the rag on their backs is confined to the small class from which Dr. Hu comes.

If one were to believe this book, it would seem that China today is in the midst of a most glowing renaissance. The facts are just the opposite. Under the reactionary Nanking Government all that is new and progressive and creative in China has been crushed or driven underground. Hundreds of schools and colleges have been closed and the money used for new wars or to build up the private bank accounts of the Nanking officials. All new theaters, the new literature and art have been smashed and their creators imprisoned, tortured and killed, or forced into hiding. Dr. Hu gives us not one breath of these facts. He speaks of his "friend, Professor Chen Tu-hsiu," one of the

Shorter Notices

Sweet Land. By Lewis Gannett. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

Amiably, casually, the feel of American country, American talk and food and habit, slips into Lewis Gannett's brief record of an automobile trip: New York, Niagara, Chicago (World's Fair), and west to California and the Navajo country. It is an unpretentious book, useful as a guide, pleasant reading as a travel record, more like a friend talking about his trip—what clothes he wore, what the food was like, the queer or charming people he ran into, and the things that annoyed him—than like anything intended for print between formal covers. Gannett talks with affection of the kind of homely discoveries that can be made by people in an automobile in not too much of a hurry, and not determined to stick to the smoothest, fastest main roads. It is to him an exploring trip, romantic especially in the West, among the things and peoples of ancient America. Gannett is a good reporter, and he sees and tells more than most of the many thousands riding American roads might; so it is a pity that he puts down only a few running notes, but in a way that makes you think you'd like to take that trip yourself sometime. The book ends as most vacation discovery trips do—"Didn't see enough, want to go back and stay longer." And there is enough in "Sweet Land" to make a second and longer trip, and a second and much fuller book, worth Gannett's doing.

Labor Fact Book II. Prepared by the Labor Research Association. International Publishers. \$2.

Like its predecessor, this is a handbook intended to be of service to the Communist expounder, propagandist, and organizer. As the authors explain, it "attempts to provide a ready arsenal of facts for use in the current struggles." In terms of this objective—persuasion rather than illumination—the authors succeed. They bring together a mass of carefully culled statistics and historical materials, all woven into the orthodox fabric of Third International concepts. The reader already converted to the Communist *Weltanschauung* will thus discover ready-made and skilfully contrived proofs of his favorite theorems. The disinterested reader, however, will be perplexed by logical doubts: what is a fact? He will be asked to take as "facts" quantitative data selected from chaste official sources: Federal Reserve Board, Department of Commerce, Bureau of Labor Statistics. He will also be constrained to regard as "facts" assurances that the New Deal is a snare and a delusion, which deliberately lowers the workers' living standards and prepares the way for fascism and imperialist war. Finally, the Marxian diagnosis of capitalism's organic diseases—the ripening of in-

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ternal contradictions and the imminence of revolutionary crisis—will also be put before him as “facts.” But only the confirmed victim of the bourgeois illusion of objectivity would be foolish enough to approach “Labor Fact Book II” with such doubts in mind.

The Woman Who Had Imagination. By H. E. Bates. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

H. E. Bates is one of the best of the English short-story writers. A perfect technique, taste, subtlety in the registering of atmosphere, great beauty of detail, and a tendency to make each sketch symbolic are his chief merits. His stories are not tales of action but character studies. And old Uncle Silas, very old but very vigorous and healthily vulgar, is the best character in this book. We see him in his old cottage, at the marriage of his son, where he is more truly the bridegroom than is the feeble young man, and we see him die. He dies in character even as he lives, still very much his earthy self. For him the lily whom he addresses as “she” is symbolic of beauty and youth. The title story is a story of adolescent awakening to beauty. The woman who had imagination stirs the dull boy from a rebellious lethargy. But she herself is imprisoned in an impossible marriage. Margery Latimer would have handled such material more expertly. One remembers, after reading this book, not action—there is very little—but ironically interesting people in unforgettable settings.

Blood and Tears. By Balder Olden. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$2.

Any fictional portrayal of Nazi Germany must follow a formula and awaken certain fundamental reactions. Yet Herr Olden's book, which reads like a cruel fairy tale, as do all books on the same subject, has a difference that is important. His protagonist is the National Socialist Party, and interest centers about Hans Rumelin, an ex-lieutenant of the Reichswehr, and Schnierwind, a fictional Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and a cynic who believes neither in his Leader nor in anything other than the stupidity of the masses and their desire to be deceived. The story opens with a young girl waiting at a prison's gates for her fiancé to be released. The reader is interested in these two healthy young people whose love for one another and alive faith in their party and their country have not been affected by separation or political chaos. But then the reader discovers that the year is 1932 and that Hans and Gerda believe passionately in Hitler, whose star at the time is low. The story of their disillusionment when the party comes into power, particularly that of Hans, is moving and convincing because it is told dispassionately, cynically, and yet with fervent undertones. The victims and their situations are credibly drawn, as are the Nazi chiefs, *Fehme* murderers, storm troopers, and hangers-on; and because the accent is so definitely on the latter group, which seems to be presented fairly, this book is a valuable addition to the many that have been written about Hitler's Germany.

Holy Deadlock. By A. P. Herbert. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

A. P. Herbert's new novel is a pleasant, easy-going satire on England's antiquated divorce laws. John Adam and Mary Eve are a married couple who find themselves unsuited to each other and wish to part amicably. John has discovered a schoolmistress who fits his quiet, retiring temperament better than his wife, who is, in public life, Mary Moon, the noted actress. Mary is in love with a radio announcer, a more dashing man than her husband. When the two set out to obtain a divorce they find themselves in a thicket of legal difficulties. One or the other must commit adultery in order to prove to an English judge that they are no longer fitted to live together. The announcer's position with the B. B. C. will not allow him to risk

notoriety as a correspondent, and the school teacher's occupation puts her in the same case. Consequently, John Adam must take a stenographer to Brighton and spend a good deal of money while pretending to commit adultery with her. The adultery, however, does not “take,” and John tries again, this time with a comfortable governess of advanced views. Since the judge believes that John has successfully committed adultery, the divorce goes forward. But it happens that Mary had once been guilty of an indiscretion with her love before the nisi decree was given, and the English law is such that if both parties have committed adultery, they are condemned to continue in the married state. Mary's slip is brought to the attention of the King's Proctor, she is shadowed by detectives, and in the end the judge refuses to grant the divorce. “Holy Deadlock” has not the inventiveness of Mr. Herbert's earlier novel, “The Water Gipsies.” A great deal of the satire here is routine stuff. Still it is interesting and competently done.

The Great Doctors. By Henry E. Sigerist. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. W. W. Norton and Company. \$4.

The author of this book has recently come from Leipzig to assume the post of professor of the history of medicine at Johns Hopkins University. His writings have always been characterized by a breadth of understanding that allows him to correlate his special subject with the political and social history of the different periods that he discusses. In this volume he writes the history of medicine from a unique angle, by presenting brief biographies of representative doctors from different ages. The history so presented takes on a fascinating, personal significance. The book is scholarly and reserved without the obvious efforts at sensationalism that characterize so many popular histories, but it does not on these accounts lose in interest.

Contributors to This Issue

ALEXANDER KENDRICK, a Philadelphia newspaperman, has been making a tour of the South studying industrial and labor conditions.

HAROLD E. STEARNS is the author of “Rediscovering America.”

LOUIS ADAMIC revisited his native Carniola two years ago after nineteen years in America. He has described his visit in “The Native's Return.”

LEW LEVENSON, formerly a feature writer for the New York *World*, *Herald Tribune*, and *Times*, is now writing for the motion pictures in California. He will publish a novel, “Butterfly Man,” this month.

ERNEST BOYD is an editor of the *American Spectator*.

LEWIS COREY has just published a new book, “The Decline of American Capitalism.”

EDA LOU WALTON is the author of “Jane Matthew and Other Poems.”

H. B. PARKES is an English critic now living in the United States.

AGNES SMEDLEY has lived many years in China. Her new book, “China's Red Army Marches,” will be published shortly.

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